RACY REDHEADS, BUSTY BRITS + BATHHOUSE BEAUTIES

PENTHOUSE

LIFE ON TOP

THE NEXT PRESIDENT'S
LUST DIARIES

WHY OUR SOLDIERS ARE
GOING BROKE

WHAT NO ONE TELLS YOU ABOUT
SEX & SOBRIETY

+47
PAGES OF TOE-CURLING PHOTOS

Rockstar
PAGE 126

PENTHOUSE.COM
SEPTEMBER 2007
$8.99
0 9>
07
0 74470 02242 8

OH MYA! THE R&B TEMPTRESS TAKES OUR COOL TEST

A LEGENDARY TASTE

ONCE THE REVERED SPIRIT OF A DARING INDIVIDUAL, DRAMBUIE® IS NOW FOR ALL TO ENJOY. TASTE THIS SECRET BLEND OF SPICED HONEY AND AGED SCOTCH WHISKIES IN ONE OF THESE SIGNATURE COCKTAILS.

DRAMBUIE® MINT CLUB

1½ parts DRAMBUIE® Liqueur
12 fresh mint leaves
½ lime, sliced
top with club soda

Muddle mint leaves and lime in a tall glass. Fill the glass with ice. Add DRAMBUIE® and club soda. Stir well and garnish the glass with a lime wedge and sprigs of mint.

DRAMBUIE® ICED TEA

1 part DRAMBUIE® Liqueur
2 parts club soda
½ part sour mix
splash of cola
large lemon wedge

Pour DRAMBUIE® over ice in a tall glass. Add club soda, sour mix and cola. Stir well and squeeze in lemon wedge.

DRAMBUIE® & SODA

This signature cocktail is made by simply pouring 1 ½ parts DRAMBUIE® Liqueur over ice in a tall glass and topping with club soda. Squeeze two lime wedges and drop in. Stir well.

DRAMBUIE PURSUIT

THE SPIRIT LIVES ON

ENJOY OUR GOOD TASTE WITH YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT.®
www.pursuitof1745.com
©2007 DRAMBUIE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR COMPANY LIMITED, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
IMPORTED BY DRAMBUIE IMPORT COMPANY, MIAMI, FL. LIQUEUR - 40% ALC. BY VOL.

Compete
with Heather Vandeven

2007 Penthouse *Pet of the Year*

Pursuit of Adventure

A once-in-a-lifetime event for the modern-day adventurer. You and one of your closest friends, joined by 2007 Penthouse *Pet of the Year, Heather Vandeven, and a Penthouse editor, travel to Scotland to compete in a race of epic proportions. It is a journey only for the brave. Follow in a legendary prince's footsteps, and relive his tale. Join in the DRAMBUIE® Pursuit.*
Visit ***www.Penthouse.com/drambuiepursuit*** *for details.*

Join me, Heather Vandeven, 2007 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year, as Team Penthouse competes in the DRAMBUIE® Pursuit in Scotland.
Visit *www.Penthouse.com/drambuiepursuit* for details.

DRAMBUIE
PURSUIT

ENJOY OUR GOOD TASTE WITH YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT®
www.pursuitof1745.com
©2007 DRAMBUIE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR COMPANY LIMITED, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
IMPORTED BY DRAMBUIE IMPORT COMPANY, MIAMI, FL. LIQUEUR - 40% ALC. BY VOL.

Contents 09/2007

LIFE ON TOP

37 Tech
The latest in gaming-controller innovations

40 Street Smarts
How Not to Talk to a Bouncer

42 Driving Force
G Thang: 2008 Infiniti G37 Coupe

44 Straight Dope
"Pet Peeves" and "Scoundrel"

46 The Pour House
Rum without the cola

FULL FRONTAL

15 TV
Family Guy's Seth MacFarlane

18 Flicks
Rob Zombie's *Halloween*, *In the Shadow of the Moon*, and previews

22 DVDs
Rookie TV winners: *Dexter*, *Heroes*, *Friday Night Lights*, *30 Rock*

24 Sounds
Mya, Rilo Kiley, M.I.A., and more

30 Joystick
BioShock, *Tomb Raider*, John Woo, and reviews

34 Reads
Vietnam horrors, the dark side of winning the lottery, and reviews

On the Cover
Nicci Campen

PICTORIALS

48 All Eyes on Me
Amy Brown

74 Spiked With a Kiss
Pet of the Month
Justine Joli

100 Surface Tension
Lena Nicole

126 Block Party
Nicci Campen

HAIRCLUB®
Experience More.™

imonials | More Facts | More Solutions | More Locations

**8 out of 10 women prefer men with hair.
The other 2 you'd prefer not to sleep with.**

Make the first move for the last time. Visit HairClub.com and see just how much the world leader in hair restoration has to offer. You'll benefit from more proven solutions, over 90 locations, and 30-plus years of success. We'll also hook you up with a FREE microscopic scalp analysis that will have you experiencing more today.

HairClub.com

Contents 09/2007

112

22

118

68

15

18

FEATURES

60 Every Given Saturday
College football preview. By Peter Schrager

64 Hillary's Diary
Things get hot and heavy on the campaign trail. Political satire by Teddy Wayne

66 Guy's Guy
Action star Jason Statham

70 Spank You and Good Night
Teddy Wayne explores an underground fetish club

94 Disco D
The rise and fall of a hip-hop producer

112 The Fake Book, Vol. VI
How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything

116 Her Happy Ending
Can girls get the same special treatment? By Ashley Paige

118 Left for Debt
Deep financial troubles await military personnel when they get home. By Anya Kamenetz

42

34

37

DEPARTMENTS

8 Editor's Note

10 Forum

56 Gametime

68 Rant

91 Hard News

122 Illustrated Forum

139 Dear Dr. Z

142 X-Rated Video

152 Past Perfect

FRANK FULLER CLASSIC

VS.

RALPH LAUREN

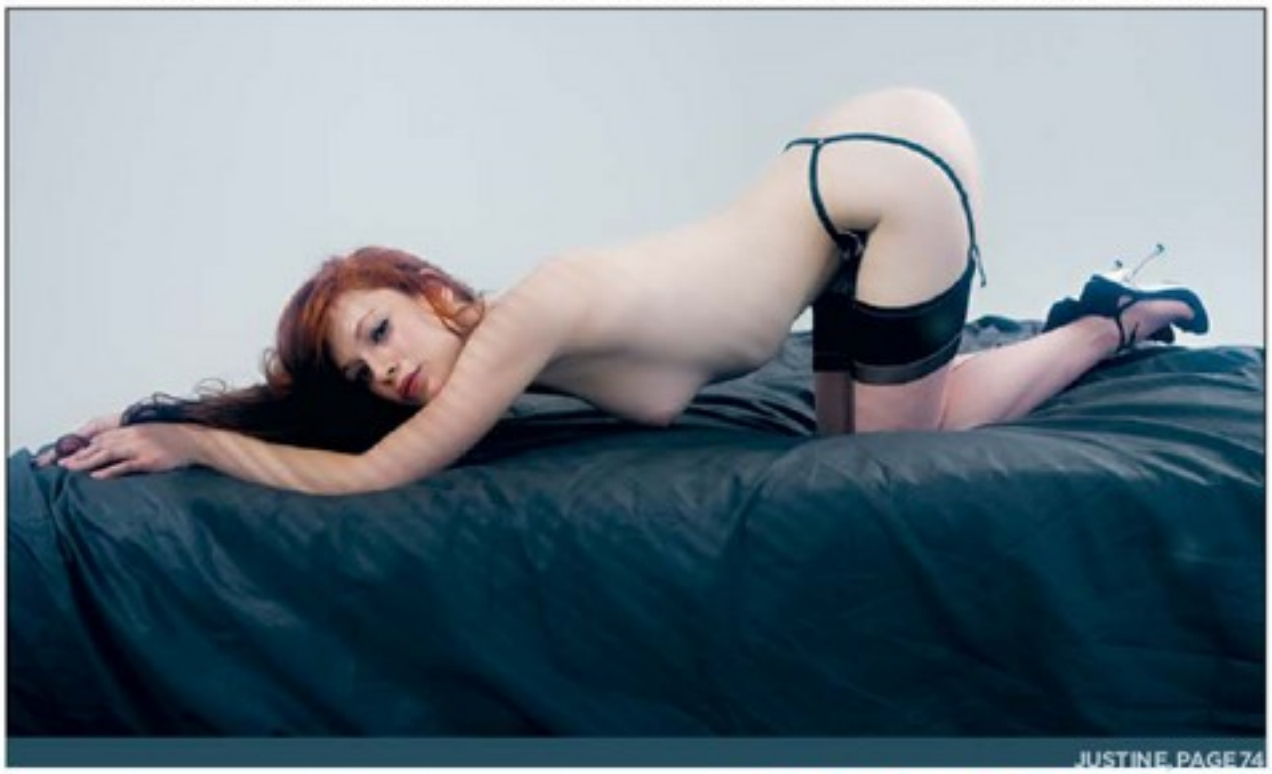
DAVID VS. GOLIATH

FRANK FULLER CLASSIC ANNOUNCES
WAR AGAINST RALPH LAUREN.

FRANKFULLERCLASSIC.COM

Editor's note 09/2007

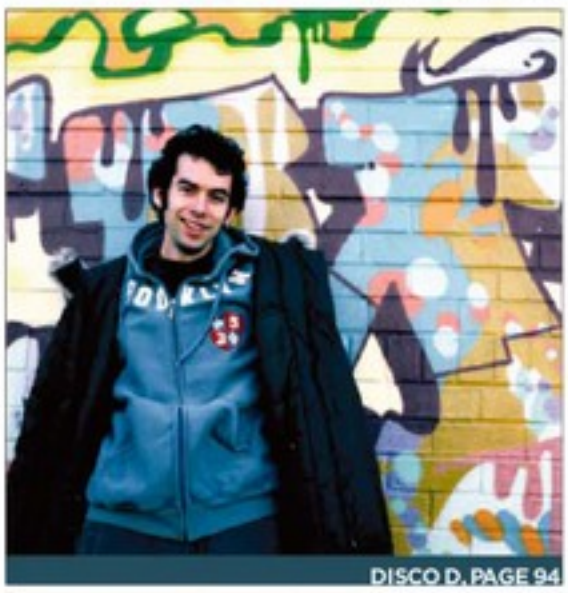
Everybody's got a secret, a classified moment, a story they don't tell. But secrets are not created equal. Some are shameful and haunting, even tragic. Some are just embarrassing. I mean, what's a couple of nipple clamps stashed in the sock drawer compared to a gruesome crime spree or a stint as a rogue mercenary? And usually the level of intrigue depends on how well a person can keep quiet. Whose secrets would you rather read: Andy Dick's or Dick Cheney's? Michael Jordan's or Tim Duncan's? Sure, TD's probably got a spicier private life than your average middle-age Mormon, but MJ? *That* guy knows how to keep his trap shut.



JUSTINE, PAGE 74

The fact is, it's getting harder to keep anything to yourself, and that's what makes any genuinely private glimpse into someone's life that much more intriguing. For every case of celebrity oversharing or online dirt-digging, there's still a little unfiltered moment that reminds you that people—real people—can be just as fascinating and twisted as you suspected. Take Amy, for example (page 48). Check out what's really on her mind. Now you know *her* secret—or one of them, at least. And if you turn to "Spank You and Good Night" (page 70), you'll find an underground realm of dominance and submission behind an unmarked door in Manhattan. But that isn't the only dirty little secret in New York City; we're also unveiling the hush-hush world of female happy endings. And you thought guys had all the fun?

WHAT'S A COUPLE OF NIPPLE CLAMPS STASHED IN THE SOCK DRAWER COMPARED TO A GRUESOME CRIME SPREE OR A STINT AS A ROGUE MERCENARY?



DISCO D, PAGE 94

Of course, not all secrets are so sexy. Some are corrupt and venal. In "Left for Debt" (page 120), Anya Kamenetz uncovers the financial strain facing thousands of war-on-terror veterans who return from Iraq and Afghanistan to face crushing debt. As if they haven't given enough, they often encounter mounting bills, destroyed credit, and ruinous interest rates. Let's hope that particular secret soon becomes a thing of the past.

There's nothing secret about our love of revealing photos of sexy women. We invite you to rip out the centerfold—a racy redhead named Justine Joli—and put up the more modest side in your work area. Then, just snap a picture of your newly decorated workspace and send it to thebigrip@pmgi.com.* We'll publish our favorites in the magazine.

TECH, PAGE 30

Mark Healy
Editor in Chief

*ALL SUBMISSIONS BECOME THE PROPERTY OF *PENTHOUSE*; NONE WILL BE RETURNED. BY SUBMITTING PHOTOS, CONTRIBUTOR AUTHORIZES *PENTHOUSE* AND ITS AFFILIATES TO USE THEM FOR ANY PURPOSE AND WITH ANY ACCOMPANYING GRAPHIC OF EDITORIAL MATTER IN PERPETUITY WITHOUT COMPENSATION OR RIGHT OF APPROVAL. PUBLICATION IS IN *PENTHOUSE'S* SOLE DISCRETION.

step outside

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces
Serious Risks to Your Health.

DJARUM
it's the clove...

©2007 Kretek International

Rebound in the Tropics

I'd never done anything like this before, but after discovering that Joe, my now-ex-boyfriend, had cheated on me—not once, but three times—I booked a fast trip to a Caribbean island my girlfriends have been raving about for years. From the outrageous stories they told me, I needed the kind of distraction this island offered.

One beach in particular has a rep for drawing tourists—single or not—who are out for a fling. With that in mind, as soon as I got to my seaside villa, I changed into my swimsuit and headed for the beach. I hadn't been there five minutes when a waiter brought me a mojito and pointed toward the bar. There was only one man sitting there, and he was just what the doctor ordered.

I accepted the drink and eyed the thirtysomething Latino with barely concealed lust. He had olive skin, dark eyes, and long hair pulled back in a shoulder-length ponytail. We smiled at each other and I raised my drink in friendly salute. That was all it took for him to make his way over to my chaise.

"Hello," he said. "My name is Armando. Would you like some company?"

"Yes, I would," I said. "And thank you for the mojito! I'm Keira." He sat at my feet and we warmed up with some small talk.

During a lull in the conversation, Armando cut to the chase. "So what do you like to do, Keira?" he asked.

My girlfriends had schooled me on what to expect, so I was prepared. I was attracted to Armando and we were both after the same thing. This was my cue to either move forward or move on. I made eye contact with him and said pointedly, "I like to do it from behind."

"Then I think we are going to have a really good time," he said. "Your place or mine?"

My heart pounded in my chest as I quickly led Armando over the hot sand back to my villa. As soon as he shut the door, he laid a devastating kiss on me, overtaking my lips and tongue. We stopped long enough to strip off our swimsuits and when I looked up, Armando was staring at me with a hunger I hadn't seen on my ex-boyfriend's face in months.

"You are a very beautiful woman," he said as he reached out to cup my breasts. In turn, I casually lowered my eyes to check out Armando's package. Talk about hung! Armando was rock-hard and thick. I couldn't wait for him to fill me up. I reached down and stroked him a few times before pushing him back onto the bed. I knelt between his legs and struggled to take his cock in my mouth, but the effort was well worth it. Once I started gliding my lips up and down his shaft and massaging his balls, he let out a low moan. I felt his excitement escalating and backed off. I'm not usually selfish, but this trip was about me—and no one deserved satisfaction more than I did.

I climbed up on the bed next to him, got up on my knees, and said, "You know what I want!" Armando knelt behind me and slowly rocked his way into my pussy.

I lowered my head and propped myself up on my forearms. Armando worked his thick cock all the way in and paused, allowing me to get accustomed to his girth. He was so thoughtful I couldn't stand it. I really needed him to fuck me, and just when I was about to scream at Mr. Considerate to get moving, he grabbed my waist and really started slamming his cock into me. The bed squeaked and my entire body rocked back and forth with each powerful stab. I pushed back to meet him thrust for thrust, thrilled by the sensations building in me. Even when the sex had been good between Joe and me, it had never felt this good. And it wasn't just because Armando was a stranger with a thick cock. Armando knew how to use his tool, and he touched me in places Joe never did.

Suddenly the level of pleasure was more than I could handle and I topped out. I screamed and slammed back against him, enjoying my sweet release. Armando stroked deep into me several more times before pulling out and erupting all over my ass. Then it was quiet—no groaning, no moaning, and no squeaking bed—just bliss-filled silence and a feeling of deep contentment.

I spent the rest of my short stay with Armando, bouncing from his room to mine, until the morning of my flight.—*K.H., Arizona*

More letters on page 144

I FELT HIS EXCITEMENT ESCALATING AND BACKED OFF. I'M NOT USUALLY SELFISH, BUT THIS TRIP WAS ABOUT ME—AND NO ONE DESERVED SATISFACTION MORE THAN I DID.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

A Totally New Experience.

Enter a Penthouse Lounge and be surrounded by
a sensual ambiance accented with music that seduces and soothes.
The sophisticated bar scene is ideal for meeting old friends ...
or arrive alone and make new ones. Enjoy superb food and an extensive
wine list in the dining room.

The Penthouse Lounge is the place to see and be seen. In fact,
you never know who you'll see nearby. Intimate seating for 2 or more is offered.
VIP memberships and services are also available.

The PENTHOUSE Lounge℠

The Magazine. The Life. The Style.

Atlanta • Philadelphia

www.penthouseclubs.com/clubs/lounges.html

PENTHOUSE®

U.S. EDITION	
President and Publisher, Magazine Group	DIANE M. SILBERSTEIN
Editor in Chief	MARK HEALY
EDITORIAL	
Managing Editor	BARBARA RICE THOMPSON
Features Editor	PETER BLOCH
Deputy Managing Editor	LORI APPLEBAUM
Senior Editors	JOHN BOLSTER, DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK, REBECCA SWANNER
Copy Editors	JONATHAN AGES, ABIGAIL ARONOFSKY
Assistant Editor	HEATHER COHEN
Editorial Assistant	RAEGAN N. JOHNSON
Contributing Editors	RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL, ERIC DANVILLE, BILL HEALD, DAVE HOLLANDER, JONATHAN YEVIN, ALYSON S. ZAMKOFF, DR. VICTORIA ZDROK
ART	
Creative Director	FRED DAVIES
Associate Art Director	JOHN FARACI
Assistant Art Director	COURTNEY ELTRINGHAM
Designer	ANTHONY (X)SCERRI
PHOTOGRAPHY	
Photo Editor	TOBY KAUFMANN
LIBRARY	
Art Rights Manager	MARIA ROTHENBERG
Photo Librarian	EVELYN BUTLER
Assistant Photo Librarian	NORMA DELGADO
CIRCULATION	
Vice President, Director of Circulation	JOE M. GALLO
Director, Newsstand Sales	PAUL G. PEARSON
Traffic Director	BILL HARBUTT
Customer Service Manager/Analyst	MORGAN EVERETT
ADVERTISING AND MARKETING	
Vice President, Marketing	TRICIA AUSTIN
Associate Publisher	P. J. LUCUS
Senior Advertising Director	RICH MCENTEE
Account Managers	TIFFANY CAVE, JACK O'NEILL
West Coast Sales Director	SUSAN STEEL
Midwest Sales Manager	CLAIRE J. RITCHIE
Promotions Manager	LAINIE SPEISER
Public Relations Manager	KATHLEEN BERZON
ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING	
President, Licensing	MARK L. RUDOLPH
Director, Model Recruitment	STACY VALENTINE
Director, Merchandising	AMANDA BYRD
INTERNET	
Vice President, Internet Group	MICHAEL MCNICHOLAS
PRODUCTION	
Vice President, Manufacturing & Production	MICHAEL TANG
Production Manager	MARIA KELLEHER
Associate Production Manager	GIL VELEZ
Senior Photo Retoucher	JEREMY NEWMAN
Editorial Scanning Supervisor	JEFF ANDERSON
Type Systems Supervisor	MARIO IANNOTTA
Type Systems Associate	PATTIE KLEINKE
INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS	
	For information: www.pmgi.com/publishing
PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP INC.	
Chief Executive Officer	MARC H. BELL
Chief Operating Officer	JAMES SULLIVAN
Vice President, General Counsel	JOSHUA R. BRESSLER
Controller	FRANK MATASAVAGE
Accounting Manager	ANTHONY MANISCALCO
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES	
New York	2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125 New York, N.Y. 10121 Tel: 212-702-6000 Fax: 212-702-6262
Advertising inquiries	AdSales@penthouse.com
ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE	
Los Angeles, Calif.	310-280-1900

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $32 ($56 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at Penthouse.com by clicking on the customer-service link. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 6505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com

CASWELL-MASSEY

Distinctive Products for Men Since 1752

SUCCESS ON AND OFF THE COURSE

The Greenbriar Collection Featuring SPF 30 Lotion

OLDEST CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN AMERICA · ESTABLISHED 1752 ·

CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD.

CASWELL-MASSEY

order anytime at 1-800-326-0500 or www.caswellmassey.com

GET 30 DUMBBELLS IN 1 COMPACT SYSTEM.

Bowflex® SelectTech™ 552 Dumbbells

Bowflex 2005 ONE OF THE TOP 5 BEST Products Men's Health Magazine

Push your workout to the next level with this revolutionary free weight system. One pair of adjustable Bowflex® SelectTech™ 552 Dumbbells replaces 30 individual free weights—saving you time, workout space and money.

Select the weight you want with a simple turn of the dial. A patent-pending locking mechanism selects only the weights you have dialed in.

STRENGTH TRAINING GOES HIGH-TECH.

With just the turn of a dial, you can instantly adjust each dumbbell's weight from **5** pounds to **52.5** pounds. SelectTech™ Dumbbells combine cutting-edge design and technology so you can get the results of a true free weight workout right in your own home.

- **Get dramatic muscle definition fast**
- **Perform over 30 exercises with 80+ variations**
- **Switch quickly from one exercise to the next for a faster workout in less space**

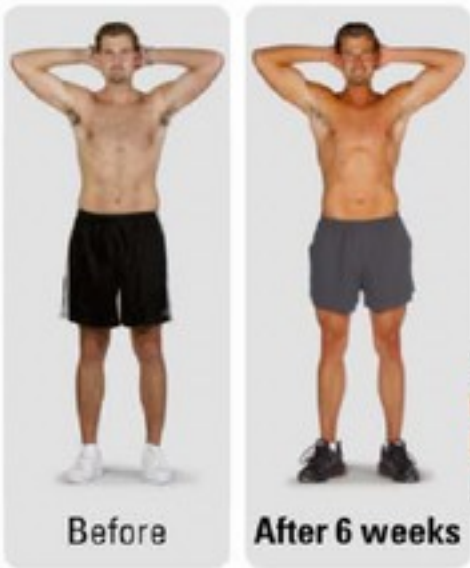
ORDER NOW and get our "Secrets of the 4-Step Rep" DVD FREE. Pay just $5/month* with zero-down financing. Or request a **FREE** information-kit DVD or video today.

CALL 800.957.4451 or order online at www.BowflexDumbbell.com

*On approved Bowflex™ credit card purchases. The advertised payment is based on a promotional minimum payment of 1.5% of purchase price. The amount of your total Minimum Monthly Payment will depend on additional purchases and account balances. See Cardholder Agreement and Disclosure Statement for details. †100% Satisfaction Guarantee includes full refund of purchase price, less shipping and handling. Call for complete details. ‡Individual results may vary. Participants' results based on using the Bowflex® home gym and the "Fast Fat Loss Now" program included in the owner's manual. © 2007 Nautilus, Inc. All rights reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo, and SelectTech are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. 0907 P0907PENTHSBICEP

RESULTS IN 6 WEEKS, GUARANTEED!†

SelectTech™ Dumbbells deliver real results for real people—and your satisfaction is guaranteed. Try Bowflex® SelectTech™ Dumbbells in your home for six weeks. If they don't sculpt your body the way you want, send them back for a full purchase-price refund, less shipping and handling.†



Tye **lost 13 lbs of fat** and **gained 13 lbs of muscle** in just **6** weeks!‡

"Now I spend **more time with my shirt off** than on." –Tye Dawson

BOWFLEX SelectTech.

Be Strong. Be Fit. Be Bowflex.

CALL 800.957.4451

www.BowflexDumbbell.com

THE GUIDE

18 Flicks
Rob Zombie's *Halloween, In the Shadow of the Moon,* and previews

22 DVDs
Rookie TV winners: *Dexter, Heroes, Friday Night Lights, 30 Rock*

24 Sounds
Mya, Rilo Kiley, M.I.A., and more

30 Joystick
BioShock, Tomb Raider, John Woo, and reviews

34 Reads
Vietnam horrors, the dark side of winning the lottery, and reviews

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRARI

Animation Nation

Q&A

Head of the Family

Family Guy creator Seth MacFarlane is an equal-opportunity offender who has managed to piss off both the FCC and the guys behind *South Park*. No wonder he's our kind of guy.

How the fuck do you get away with poking fun at pedophilia, rape, incest, racism, and religion on prime time?
Well, let's see.... If you're an animated show, the medium allows you to get away with a lot more because there's not a particular face attached to it. You can't fire a person who isn't real. It's harder to make an animated character a target.

What line from *Family Guy* got the most negative reaction?
We did an episode where Peter Griffin gets upset because he learns that his son is better endowed than he is. That episode raised eyebrows with the FCC. In fact, they even investigated it! Your tax dollars at work.

I can understand what inspired you to create *Family Guy*. But what's the inspiration behind *American Dad!*?
We created that show at the height of the shift into the conservative dark ages that we're living in right now. It emerged out of a lot of dismay with the way Bush was running this country into the ground. We thought, what better way to shed some light on that than to create a character who epitomizes the current state of conservative right-wing madness that's spoiling a lot of America? Stan is an extreme version of that point of view. But there is a lot of truth in there, hopefully.

What better way to make friends with the FCC?
Exactly!

Does being the *Family Guy* guy ever backfire? After all, it's not like you go out of your way to portray women in a positive light.
I haven't gotten slapped in the face yet, but I suppose if I traveled to the heartland with a T-shirt saying who I am, I would probably get tarred and feathered.

Let's talk about Matt Stone and Trey Parker. Last year they dedicated two episodes of *South Park* to accusing *Family Guy* of plagiarism and having poor writing and interchangeable jokes. Could they be threatened by your success?
Obviously, it's a great thing for our show when *South Park* pays that much attention to us. We share a lot of the same audience, whether they like that or not. For them to devote two entire half-hour episodes to *Family Guy* is fantastic for us. I wish I could return the favor, I just don't know how we would top it.

MacFarlane voices *Family Guy*'s oafish Peter, eloquent dog Brian, matricidal Stewie, news anchor Tom Tucker (who sounds a lot like Brian), and neighborhood sex fiend Glen Quagmire.

So you have no plans of answering their criticism via *Family Guy*?
There may be a little wink or a nod or something. But certainly not two entire episodes.

In one episode of *Family Guy*, Peter Griffin refers to *Penthouse* as—
The nudie magazine of record!

Exactly. Why do I get the feeling that Peter doesn't read the articles?
You would be surprised. Peter is a complex guy. He probably goes straight for the tits, but he might get to the editorial eventually.

So you're no stranger to the pages of *Penthouse* yourself?
I love all nakedness! As a kid, I really didn't discriminate. I was happy for whatever I could get my hands on.

On a serious note, you were scheduled to fly on one of the 9/11 jets that crashed into the World Trade Center.
Yeah. I had bad information from my travel agent that told me the plane was due to leave at 8:15 in the morning, when in fact it left at 7:45. On top of that, I was very, very hungover. I was running about an hour late.

So sometimes alcohol can save lives.
Yes, alcohol saves lives!

Did that change your life in terms of your belief in a higher power?
Shoot me if that ever happens! I am the furthest thing from religious. I'm a logic guy. I believe in science. Carl Sagan had one of my favorite quotes when he said, "We're significance junkies." We attach significance to every single thing in our lives. We need to feel that something was meant to be. It's a lot of horseshit! I've missed other flights. This is not the first flight I missed for being a little too party-hearty the night before.

Does the quality of female companionship change when you have a few hit shows under your belt?
It depends what you mean by quality. I'll put it this way: You can always sniff out the ones who are digging for gold.

If the girl is hot and willing to put out, what do you care?
In some ways I guess you're right. I mean, who the hell are we kidding here? Yes, it's easier for me to get laid now.

PRECEDING PAGE AND OPPOSITE PAGE: IMAGE BY FOX. THIS PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY J. EMILIO FLORES FOR THE TIMES/REDUX V

By Chauncé Hayden

"I love all nakedness! As a kid, I really didn't discriminate. I was happy for whatever I could get my hands on."

Directors' Cuts

James Wan and Rob Zombie bring back the seventies for your viewing pleasure.

HALLOWEEN
Malcolm McDowell, Tyler Mane, Brad Dourif

Rob Zombie wasn't sure he wanted to remake John Carpenter's 1978 slasher classic, till he came up with a fresh take: focusing on the previously unknowable masked murderer, who Zombie calls "one of the few modern-day iconic horror characters." The writer/director says, "Michael Myers as a character is sort of the textbook psychopath." Aiming for psychological complexity, Zombie created scenes with Myers as a child and in a mental hospital, and he hopes audiences will find them particularly disturbing: "The twisted thing is that every serial killer was once a baby."

Zombie's desire for greater realism led to the casting of six-foot-ten-inch wrestler-turned-actor Mane, a more imposing presence than the stuntmen who played Myers in the original, and the director paid close attention to the other actors' reactions because he believes "the terror in the victim's eyes" is the most frightening thing to see. As for the blood and guts, well, it's a Rob Zombie movie: "I like the violence to play fast and furious because that's how violence is."

Ardent *Halloween* or Carpenter fans may be distressed by Zombie's revisionism, but he says, "Essentially, there's two things that are *Halloween:* Michael Myers looking as he does and the music. I swear to God you could change almost anything else and it wouldn't even matter."

Blood, Guts, and Gore

The Splat Pack (a term coined by *Total Film* critic Alan Jones) is bringing some balls back to horror.

Eli Roth, the *Hostel* writer/director, is the leader of the pack. His 1995 thesis film, *Restaurant Dogs*, was a parody of Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*.

Musician Rob Zombie's take on *Halloween* takes the series back to its beginning.

Neil Marshall wrote and directed *The Descent* (right), about hot chicks on a spelunking adventure who end up getting hunted when they get trapped in a cave.

James Wan directed *Saw* and wrote the stories for *Saw* and *Saw III*. He wrote *Dead Silence* with Leigh Whannell.

By Daniel Nemet-Nejat

Tyler Mane's Michael Myers terrorizes Scout Taylor-Compton

ELI ROTH'S FILM SCHOOL

The Splat Pack leader provides a viewing list for horror beginners, and a syllabus for aficionados.

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)

"It's pure adrenaline and terror. When Pam finds the furniture made of skeletons, the sound design and noise is so creepy and disturbing, you feel like she's stumbled into hell."

The Thing (1982)

"It's got fantastic over-the-top special effects. Kurt Russell is such a badass. I told John Carpenter that *Cabin Fever* is more of a remake of *The Thing* than *The Thing* [remake] is."

The Evil Dead (1983)

"*The Exorcist* was the scariest thing I'd ever seen, but it didn't kick in until she was possessed. *Evil Dead* felt like a whole movie of the *Exorcist* possession. And the demons jump around so quickly and go from one person to another, with the horrible voices.... When I was 11, this movie ruined me."

The Shining (1980)

"There's so much creepy, unexplained stuff in this film, like that weird scene with the bear guy getting a blowjob from a guy in a tuxedo. You don't know what's going on in that room, but you know it's not good."

The Wicker Man (1973)

"[It's] such a weird film; it really takes you by surprise. It's like a musical in a weird way. The ending is one of the best in horror-movie history."

Cannibal Holocaust (1980)

"It's sort of known as the mother of all cannibal movies. There's a lot of animal killing, but on the DVD you can play a version with no animal killing."

Audition (2000)

"This Takashi Miike film is like an exercise in tension. It kind of bores you a little bit and catches you off guard, but it's terrifying. The payoff is one of the most horrific."

The Vanishing (1988)

"Don't watch the American remake; watch the Dutch version. It's more of a thriller than a horror film, but it's got one of those endings that leaves you shaking for days."

For upperclassmen: a sampling of Italian horror

Any film by Lucio Fulci: "He was really underappreciated as a horror director. Nobody did gore like him. He does this on-camera graphic violence that goes on and on, and he always gets hot girls naked in his films."

Torso (1973)

"Sergio Martino's masterpiece is almost like an erotica horror film. It's got this great lesbian subplot. The way he shot the ending, it's unbelievably scary. It's one of those lost underrated films."

To Be Twenty (1978)

"[This] is one of the most brutal films I have ever seen. Two girls are going around teasing guys, fucking guys, and taking what they want. Then they choose the wrong guys. The ending is so horrific and brutal and shocking. Raro Video has the original version that was pulled from theaters."

DEATH SENTENCE
Kevin Bacon, Kelly Preston

For *Death Sentence*, director James Wan says he wanted to create "a seventies-style character drama with a modern action-thriller edge." The film is about a suburban dad (Bacon) whose son falls victim to a gangland slaying. Dad's retaliatory killing sets off a violent chain of events that puts him on a collision course with the dead thug's brother (Garrett Hedlund).

Wan kept the thrills old-school. During the climactic scene, Bacon is chased by the gang through alleyways and buildings, then into a parking garage. In order to create real-time suspense, Wan "wanted the camera to follow Kevin through the different levels of the parking structure, and also to find the gang—all in one shot. We choreographed and practiced for three days, and it took an entire day to film. We passed the camera from one operator to another. We even had two guys on cranes outside so I could get the shot to drift into the different levels."

The result is a chase scene that's "raw and realistic," continues Wan. "One thing I really wanted for all the action scenes was a sense of gut-wrenching fear. It's like a horror movie of a different kind."

A suburban dad's retaliatory killing sets off a violent chain of events that puts him on a collision course with the dead thug's brother.

Darren Lynn Bousman wrote and directed *Saw II*; he also directed *Saw III* (above) and the upcoming *Saw IV*.

Alexandre Aja wrote and directed the 2006 *Hills Have Eyes* remake. Coming up are a film about a mirror that brings out the worst in people and a second remake of *Piranha*.

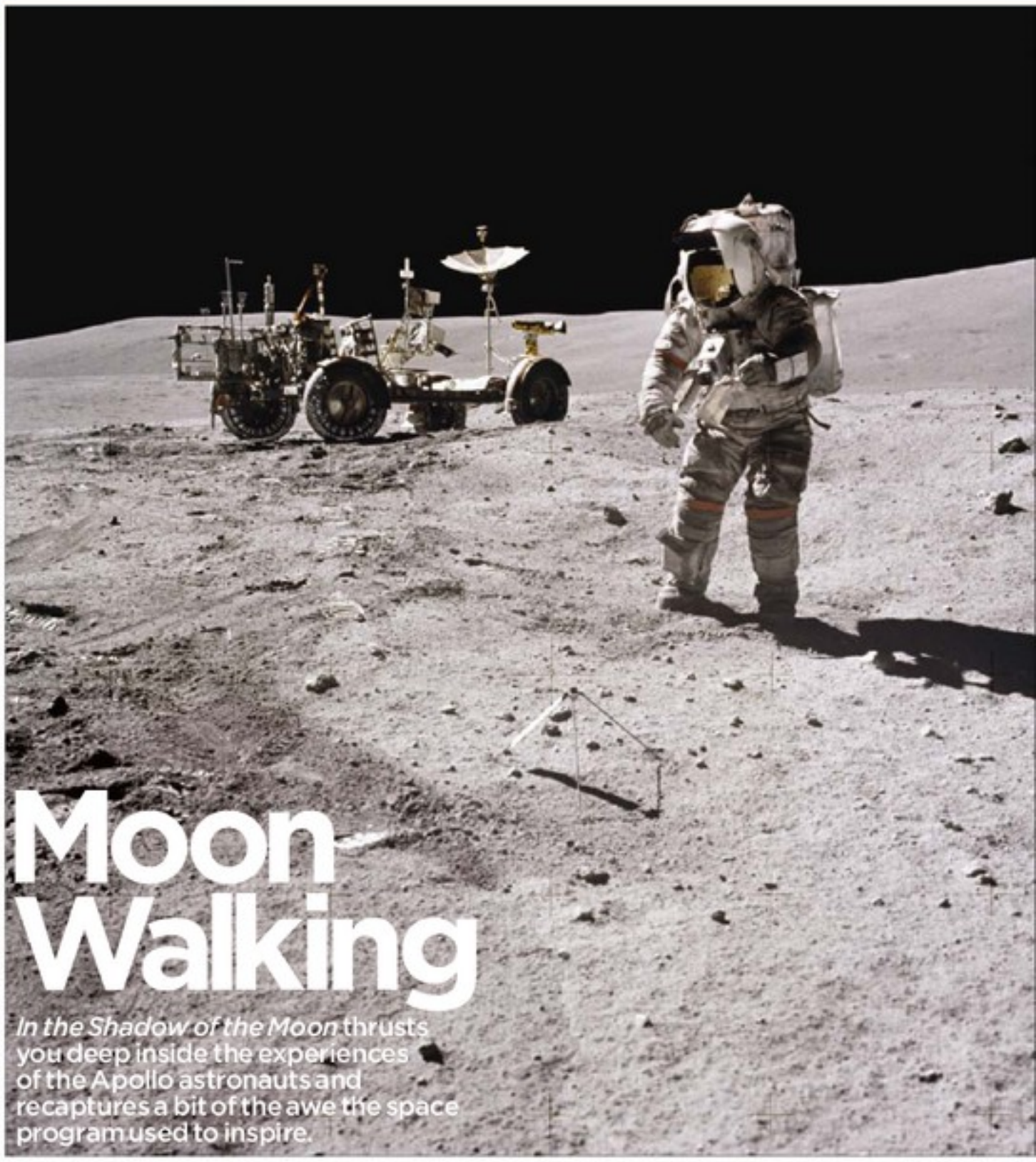
Greg Mclean wrote and directed *Wolf Creek*, in which backpackers in the Australian wild are held captive by a murderous bushman. Next up is a man-eating crocodile.

Leigh Whannell wrote the screenplays for *Saw*, *Saw II*, and *Saw III*, plus the short that started it all.

MOVIE REVIEWS

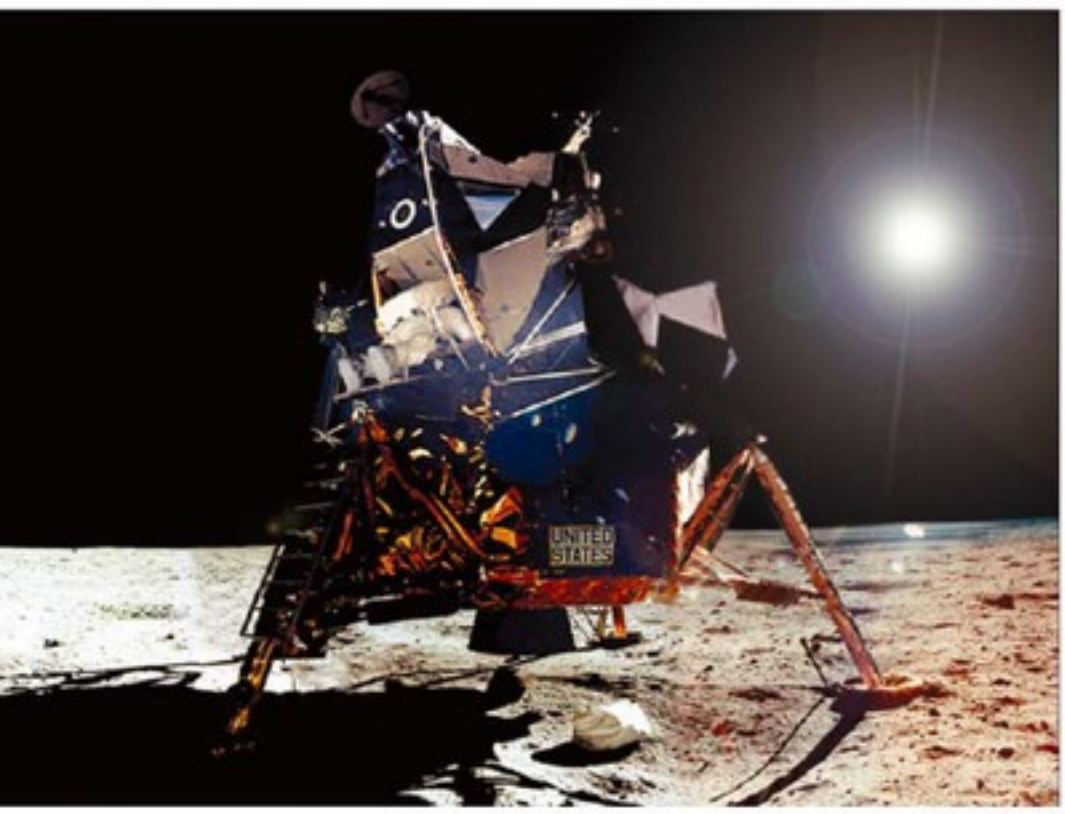
IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON
Ten Apollo astronauts

This documentary takes you moment by moment through a lunar mission, with the *Apollo 11* excursion serving as its centerpiece, as director David Sington achieves his goal of allowing the astronauts to tell their tale in their own words. It's not the most original approach, but the details here really stand out: exploring the story that the historic 1969 moon landing was seconds from being aborted; Buzz Aldrin's confession that he took a leak while waiting to take his giant leap for mankind; the mid-game announcement on a Major League scoreboard that simply read, "They're on the moon"; a prepared speech by President Nixon in case the men got stuck there. And while the footage from inside the shuttle—the appearance of the earth's curved horizon, the descent to the moon—is breathtaking, the images you'll carry away with you are the close-ups of the now-elderly astronauts, their faces lighting up as they recall the wonder and majesty of outer space. From the opening minutes, when Mike Collins—the *Apollo 11* astronaut who never left the spacecraft—talks about "two moons," the one visible from earth and the one he saw up close, you're drawn into their experiences. Sington relies heavily on archival footage and talking-head interviews (Neil Armstrong is absent, and it's nice to see the focus on some of the others), and along the way he recaptures a bit of the awe people used to feel at the mere mention of the space program.—*Daniel Nemet-Nejat*



Moon Walking

In the Shadow of the Moon thrusts you deep inside the experiences of the Apollo astronauts and recaptures a bit of the awe the space program used to inspire.



While the footage from inside the shuttle—the appearance of the earth's curved horizon, the descent to the moon—is breathtaking, the images you'll carry away with you are the close-ups of the now-elderly astronauts, their faces lighting up as they recall the wonder and majesty of outer space.

SHORT CUTS

Summer movies are all about leaving real life at the door. Previews by Barbara Rice Thompson

THE INVASION
Nicole Kidman, Daniel Craig

It's another update on *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, with Kidman as a psychiatrist who uncovers an alien invasion that's manifesting itself as a pandemic disease, and realizes her infected son could be the key to stopping it.

BALLS OF FURY
Dan Fogler, Christopher Walken

A former Ping-Pong star gets back in the game (in search of his father's killer) when the FBI enlists his help. But it's from the *Reno 911!* crew, so we think the tagline says it all: a huge comedy with tiny balls.

RUSH HOUR 3
Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker

Director Brett Ratner wraps up his *Rush Hour* trilogy, and this time the boys take on the Chinese Triad while they're in Paris. This should reach new heights of cultural confusion.

THE BROTHERS SOLOMON
Will Arnett, Will Forte

The comedy vets (best known for *Arrested Development* and *Saturday Night Live*) play romantically incompetent brothers in search of mates so they can supply their ailing father with a grandchild.

THE TEN
Paul Rudd, Jessica Alba

Mel Brooks and Monty Python have taken on the Ten Commandments. So why can't David Wain—formerly of sketch-comedy group the State—do the same? The short vignettes here are based on the Commandments, but they don't really have much to do with biblical interpretation, or even religion. The script, by Wain and fellow State member Ken Marino, invokes Jesus only once, and that Jesus is a Latin lover who seduces a naive *gringa* (Gretchen Mol). Rudd plays out the tale of adultery (with Alba, who's well worth the alimony) as he jumps around the other "shalts" and "shalt nots," introducing segments that feature cartoon rhinos on heroin, Rob Corddry in search of a prison rape-mate, 30 or so naked men having a lazy Sunday, and Winona Ryder fucking a ventriloquist's dummy. The film as a whole is inconsistent, but the world's most famous shoplifter takes on Thou shalt not steal—that alone is worth the price of admission.—*Jonathan Stern*

THE KING OF KONG
Billy Mitchell, Steve Wiebe

Yankees vs. Red Sox. Ali vs. Frazier. Duke vs. UNC. There are some truly epic rivalries in sports history, but none has captured our imagination like Mitchell vs. Wiebe, who face off in the battleground that is competitive gaming. Yeah, we scoffed, too, but you can't question their athleticism—these guys have more wrist and forearm stamina than a 14-year-old locked in a baby-oil factory with the *Penthouse* archives. This simple, charming doc from Seth Gordon chronicles the feud for supreme dominance in the 1981 arcade version of *Donkey Kong*. Mitchell, the smarmy golden boy of gaming and a hot-sauce mogul, held the high score from the early eighties till 2003, when the recently laid-off Wiebe decimated the record with a million-plus-points game. Rumors, insinuations, and allegations of cheating soon followed.

This is a truly great underdog story that doesn't stoop to ridiculing its subjects, but there's no denying the humor in watching grown men who are obsessed with a 25-year-old video game. But in a time of rampant rumors about steroid use, it's refreshing to know that the strongest performance-enhancing substances these athletes are ingesting are caffeinated soda and energy drinks.—*Michael Immerman*

Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg's adolescent musings have made it into *Superbad*, the smartest, funniest, and raunchiest coming-of-age story to hit screens in years.

SUPERBAD
Jonah Hill, Michael Cera

Most guys waste their high school days fantasizing about private tutorials with a sexy French teacher. Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg wrote dick jokes. Now, their adolescent musings have made it into the smartest, funniest, and raunchiest coming-of-age story to hit screens in years.

Two codependent pals spend their last big night of high school coming to terms with being accepted at different colleges, trying to score alcohol for girls they want to score with, and having run-ins with two inept cops (Rogen and *SNL* star Bill Hader). The laughs tend to fall off when the focus is on friendship, but Hill and Cera are hysterical when they drunkenly declare their platonic love for each other during a sleepover. Boner jokes have never been so pants-pissing hilarious.
—*Jonathan Ages*

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (*IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON*) NASA AND (*THE KING OF KONG*) PICTUREHOUSE

TV ON DVD

Rookie Season

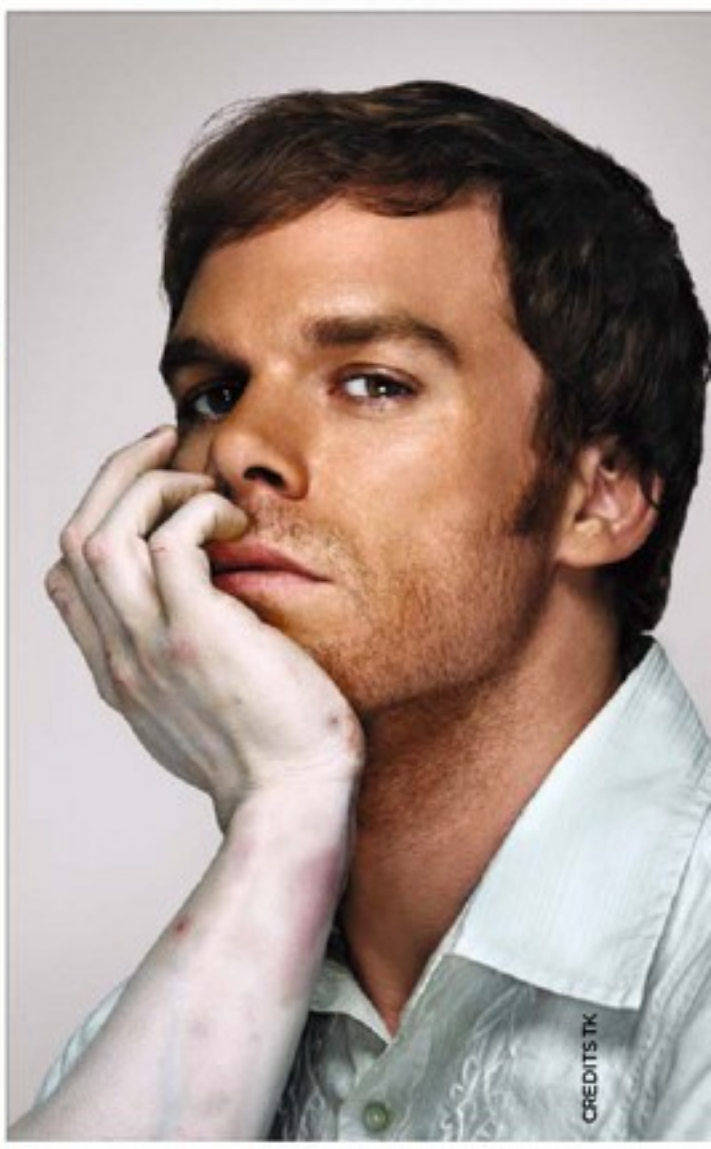
These newbie series proved themselves to be TiVo-worthy, but if you missed the boat, it's time to catch up.

Heroes quickly became our favorite new watercooler show, once we got past the fact that the heroes' powers were like X-Men Lite mutations. The show provided the most consistent escapist high points of the season—not to mention the most quotable taglines—and the interwoven and bisecting storylines made for intriguing conversation on Tuesday mornings. Plus, props to the powers that be for the leap-into-the-future episode, "Five Years Gone," which initially sounded like it was going to be a complete waste of time but ended up being one of our faves. And even the less-than-satisfying finale was a hell of a lot of fun to discuss.

Another new drama, ***Friday Night Lights,*** started out by overindulging in melodrama. (The star QB isn't just out for the season; he'll never walk again. His backup, who's been treated like a water boy, lives with his Alzheimer's-striken granny 'cause Dad's stationed in Iraq and Mom's MIA.) But there was enough football, fights, and hot chicks to keep us coming back, and when it hit its stride later in the season, throwing in one player's fling with the MILF next door amid the team's march toward the state championship, NBC redefined "must-see TV."

Speaking of must-see TV, NBC's Thursday-night comedy lineup welcomed a spectacular new sibling with the arrival of ***30 Rock***. (Yes, we're pimping NBC again. What can we say? The network had a damn good year.) Let us count the ways in which this is the best new comedy on TV: (1) Tracy Morgan is fucking hilarious in every episode, from insisting that everyone thinks he's on drugs but he's just plain crazy to pitching a one-man movie about Thomas Jefferson after finding out he's a descendant of the former president's; (2) even after Alec Baldwin's self-mocking appearances on *Saturday Night Live,* we still didn't expect his hilarious turn as a network exec; (3) Tina Fey proves once again that she's the hottest smart chick in entertainment; (4) the guest stars were great, especially Will Arnett as a network-exec rival to Baldwin's Jack in "Fireworks"; (5) it had the best running gag on TV, with Rachel Dratch (who was originally supposed to be one of the show's stars) appearing in 11 episodes as ten different characters.

If you've ever wondered whether those *CSI* dudes could hide their own dirty work, check out our other favorite new way to kill an hour—Showtime's serial-killer drama, ***Dexter,*** which is about much more than a serial killer. Michael C. Hall's forensic expert/vigilante is super creepy and absolutely brilliant when it comes to covering up his murderous misdeeds. And really, who among us hasn't dreamed of taking matters into our own hands when someone obviously deserving of serious jail time gets off?



CREDITS TK

PENTHOUSE PICKS

DEXTER
Season One
We're not picking favorites for this one. There have only been 12 episodes so far, so you might as well just watch 'em all. The season-long arc about the Ice Truck Killer has a hugely satisfying resolution.

HEROES
Season One
If you're in a rush to get ready for season two, catch up in less than four hours with these late-season episodes: "Company Man," ".07%," "The Hard Part," "Landslide," and "How to Stop an Exploding Man."

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
Season One
Don't miss "Mud Bowl," with its back-and-forth clips of one of the show's hot chicks fighting off a potential rapist while the Panthers fight back from a devastating first half in, yes, a field of mud. Skip through any of the mid-season after-school-special scenes about Smash's brief experiment with performance-enhancing drugs.

30 ROCK
Season One
Our must-see episodes: the pilot, "The Aftermath," "Blind Date," "The Fighting Irish," and "Fireworks"

By Barbara Rice Thompson

If you've ever wondered whether those *CSI* dudes could hide their own dirty work, check out one of our favorite ways to kill an hour, Showtime's serial-killer drama, *Dexter*.

Heroes' creepy bad guy (top left) opens heroes' heads telekinetically to steal their brains ... and their powers; *Dexter*'s forensic expert (left) is brilliant at covering up his murderous misdeeds; the Dillon Panthers fight their way to the state championship under the *Friday Night Lights* (top right); Tracy Morgan's Tracy Jordan character (above) can't be restrained on the hot new comedy *30 Rock*.

QUICK PICKS

AIR GUITAR NATION
David Jung, Dan Crane
We've all played air guitar at some point—hopefully in private—but we've never seen even the biggest *Guitar Hero* fan take it as seriously as the dudes in this doc about the 2002 U.S. Air Guitar Championships. We were laughing our ass off.

DISTURBIA
Shia LaBeouf, Sarah Roemer
LaBeouf stars in this *Rear Window*–ish tale of a teenage voyeur under house arrest who discovers that one of his neighbors just might be a serial killer. No, we're not giving away the ending.

YEAR OF THE DOG
Molly Shannon
Director Mike White delivers an offbeat comedy about a timid, withdrawn secretary who finds herself while mourning her dog's death. It's an already good film that's only improved by bonus features with Shannon and White.

BLADES OF GLORY
Will Ferrell, Jon Heder
Ferrell and Heder, decked out in figure-skating garb, get into a fight that ends with a mascot in flames after they share a gold medal. When that gets them banned from the sport for life, they get around the ruling by becoming a pairs team. Really, do you need to know anything else?

ROBOCOP 20TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION
This two-disc re-release has the making-of bonus features that were included in the 1987 release with the theatrical version, plus an extended cut of the film, three all-new featurettes, and an easter egg from director Paul Verhoeven.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ROBOCOP) ORION/THE KOBAL COLLECTION

Mya Harrison has plenty of reasons to keep her guard up—including a cheating father and a string of boyfriends who couldn't stay faithful—but she says her fourth album, *Liberation,* is all about letting go of negativity and doubt. But is all that positivity going to make this woman who once slammed 50 Cent lose her edge? We gave her our Pop Quiz to find out if she's still got what it takes to kick it right.

You open your album with sassy, empowering songs like "Walka Not a Talka," but the record also has angry, vengeful tracks. What's going on?
Every song has a perspective. That's a song where I end up liberated. But there are darker moments where I am very vulnerable. Showing that side was definitely a challenge.
The album's personal songs, like "Ridin'," center on a straying man. Why do guys have a hard time keeping it in their pants?
My dad says to watch the Discovery Channel. It's in a man's nature to hunt. There are certain things I will not deal with, like cheating. But I understand if someone wants to be with another person because that's who they were meant to be with. Even females have issues being faithful.
After you heard 50 Cent's lyric about having sex with you, you boldly fired back—saying he must have been thinking of Lloyd Banks. Were you nervous that your statement might have repercussions?
I wasn't. It just came out. I didn't mean to insult anyone. But my father always told me that women are the most gangster of them all. You don't have to carry guns, you don't have to have big muscles. If you can outthink someone, that's what makes you gangster. "Switch It Up" is about that.
We're gonna switch it up right now and launch into our Pop Quiz. To start, what are you reading right now?
Dreams From My Father, by Barack Obama. It discusses his father's past, his biracial background, and some of his inspirations to get into politics. DVD-wise, it's really geeky-sounding, but I'm watching Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth.*
That does sound a little nerdy—but we like smart girls. Let's say we fuck up the environment so badly that we have to flee to outer space. Do you think there's life on other planets?
With all the solar systems and galaxies that exist, I believe there's some form of life. It doesn't have to be human. Some kind of microorganisms or something.
Micro-what? Let's talk music. We've heard you play the drums. Can you tear it up?
I would never call myself a drummer. I can hold a rhythm and a beat and hit some dynamics, but it's not Buddy Rich.
How do you unwind after a long day?
When I was in Europe, I took a hot bath every night with tea in the tub and bath salts.
That sounds like something a grandma might do. Minus ten points. Do you ever engage your younger side—say, by gaming?
The last ones I played were *Halo 2* and *Grand Theft Auto. Vice City* is a little played out now, but I'll still play it from time to time.
Ten points for being able to handle violent games—you're back

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES LANGELLA/CORBIS OUTLINE

By Rebecca Swanner

Can Mya Hang?

Guns, gaming, and ... Earl Grey? Mya knows how to hang with the best, even if this R&B star would rather have tea than line up shots of tequila.

on an upswing. What about cars? Do you like driving fast?
I do. I'm a truck girl and a sports-car girl—nothing in between. You know what I like that's affordable? The Dodge Charger.
Nice. You just earned yourself 40 points. Muscle cars are hot.
Yeah, and I think girls are really sexy in trucks and muscle cars.
Ten more points. We've heard you're also into guns. Are you a good shot?
Excellent, with handguns. But about a year ago, my girlfriends and I went to a shooting range and I shot a rifle for the first time. I really sucked.
What are some of your favorite guns to shoot?
I really love the .44. The .38. The nine-millimeter, of course. I have a .40. The .44 has the most kick, and if you're not careful you can do some damage. It's actually a workout.
After all this macho stuff, how can a man make you feel like a woman?
By doing something he's not going to do with his male friends. Conversation and rubbing your feet. Sitting by the bath while you're bathing.
You've confessed that after sex, you'll cook anything for a man. Got any favorite post-romp recipes?
Whatever he likes! Something substance-filled and flavor-filled, then dessert to top it off.
By which you mean *you*?
No! I'm just talking about cooking right now.
Well, Mya, congratulations. We stopped keeping score because there's no doubt you're smart, sexy, and officially cool.

"You don't have to carry guns. You don't have to have big muscles. If you can outthink someone, that's what makes you gangster."

THE BIG PICTURE

Shiny, Mostly Happy People

Rilo Kiley's coy Jenny Lewis and company flirt with pop, disco, and being single to create a sparkling fourth album.

Jenny Lewis was last summer's sweetheart, but this August she'll win you over again. On what might be Rilo Kiley's pinnacle album, she shows off her charming alt-country voice and pulls great funk and disco from her bag of tricks. The album opens with "Silver Lining," a bittersweet ballad that builds off the melodic style she developed on her solo effort, *Rabbit Fur Coat*. But Lewis shifts gears by "Dejalo," a track that mixes early-eighties rap with a sultry Spanish-language chorus while the band jams heartily behind her, mixing musical genres. But Lewis isn't the only one whose voice feels full and fresh. Guitarist Blake Sennett, who has tried his hand on a few songs on each of their previous albums, brings the goods to the table on "Dreamworld." The album makes some big mood jumps—the sexy rock song "Close Call," a track about girls shaking it, comes just before the happiest breakup song we've yet to hear, the hyper-aware disco-pop ditty "Breakin' Up"—but it's fun to ride the twists and turns as we sail through Lewis's romantic highs and lows. We think it's a record that's as likely to get under your girlfriend's skin as it is to creep under yours.

> Jenny Lewis shows off her charming alt-country voice and pulls great funk and disco from her bag of tricks.

RILO KILEY
Under the Blacklight
Brute/Beaute (2007)
★★★★★
Lewis is at her best, and guitarist Blake Sennett finally shines on his vocal tracks. *Penthouse* pick: "Breakin' Up"

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

What you've been missing

Take Offs and Landings
Barsuk (2001)
Acoustic indie-pop meets twangy alt-country on this Los Angeles band's chilled-out debut. *Penthouse* pick: "Pictures of Success"

The Execution of All Things
Saddle Creek (2002)
Conor Oberst adds his touch to this collection on which the band goes a bit experimental with their sound. *Penthouse* pick: "Paint's Peeling"

More Adventurous
Brute/Beaute (2004)
The band plugs in the electric guitars for a more polished, poppy album that centers on deep hooks and cutting lyrics. *Penthouse* pick: "Love and War (11/11/46)"

Jenny Lewis with the Watson Twins
Rabbit Fur Coat
Team Love (2006)
Lewis's critically adored, M. Ward-produced solo record. *Penthouse* pick: "The Big Guns"

So much for soy's wholesome reputation.
3 VODKA
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT BY NUMBER
3VODKA.COM
© 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g
NO CARBS

UNDER THE RADAR

Canadian folk artist Jeremy Fisher returns rock to its roots with the help of YouTube.

Jeremy Fisher
Goodbye Blue Monday

Thanks to Jeremy Fisher, smoking might be cool again. The nonsmoking singer-songwriter's stop-motion video for "Cigarette"—a ditty about being some girl's bad habit—has received more than two million hits on YouTube since its January debut, generating buzz for Fisher's second studio album, *Goodbye Blue Monday*. His acoustic rock has drawn lofty comparisons to Neil Young and Paul Simon, and his voice sounds like a more palatable Bob Dylan. The accolades are deserved, and we're impressed that his songs about life and love have a genuine world-weariness instead of trite lyrics about not being able to win a girl's heart. But what we really love is that even seemingly upbeat tracks like "Scar That Never Heals," with its energetic acoustic guitar and "woo-ooh wee-oohs," are deeper than they seem. Maybe that's just the natural result when you write an album after doing a six-month tour for your first album. On a bike. Across Canada. But if that's the case, then we've got a whole list of artists we'd like to nominate to saddle up.

AESOP ROCK
None Shall Pass
(Definitive Jux)
★★★★

Rappers without flow are dead on their feet, because even the lamest beats can be forgiven if you can groove to the lyrical rhythm. But Aesop doesn't need to worry. On his sixth album—the follow-up to an instrumental mix for Nike—the experimental production is a stellar backdrop to the lyrical onslaught he creates by stacking image atop memorable image without resorting to hip-hop clichés.

M.I.A.
Kala
(Interscope)
★★★★

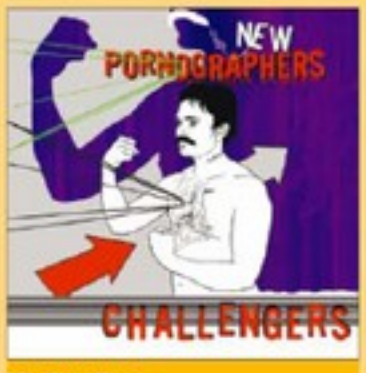
British boy-band invasions are old news, but we're excited about the U.K. lasses who are taking over our airwaves. *Kala* hits at just the right time for this queen of the underground dance-hall scene, and it incorporates everything we like about the newcomers: Lady Sovereign's sass, Lily Allen's charm, and raps pumped up with strong bass and African-inspired beats that will make you shake your ass.

VHS OR BETA
Bring on the Comets
(Astralwerks)
★★★★★

With countless indie-rock bands churning out records, it's hard to choose the best albums among the noise. *This* is a must-listen. It's a dance-rock record full of big, sunny songs led by guitars and drums so glossy, they sound electric. Shiny like the Killers' debut and sweet like the Lemonheads, this sophomore album teeters on the edge of cheesiness without falling in.

LIARS
Liars
(Mute)
★★★

Scratchy, noisy, dense. These adjectives best describe the Liars' fourth full-length effort, an album that makes for a unique musical adventure, even though it's occasionally taxing on the ears. Fans of Sonic Youth are sure to latch on quick, but the Zeppelin-influenced psychedelia the art rockers introduce in the album's soft middle makes their sound more accessible to everyone else.



THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS
Challengers
(Matador)
★★★★★

The New Pornographers deserve the hype. Many of the band's members—Neko Case, Todd Fancey, A. C. Newman—are successful solo artists, and they write dreamy, refreshing pop that hits all the right notes. Their latest is filled with cheery beats that challenge you to relish in moments like summer's last hurrah, and tender ballads that are as gorgeous as Case herself.

PENTHOUSE
MOBILE

MOBILE CHAT - VIDEOS - WALLPAPERS

CHAT WITH A PET LIKE ME...

Nevaeh
Pet of the Month
May 2006

GET ACCESS TO MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE PENTHOUSE GIRLS ON YOUR MOBILE PHONE!

Text **MORE** to **82000** for access to:
Downloadable Videos, Mobile Wallpapers, Image Galleries and much more!

Text PET to 50760

Terms of Service: 18+ to talk with our professional chatters. Only available on AT&T, Sprint-Nextel, Boost, Virgin Mobile & Midwest Wireless. $1.99 / msg received; Verizon Wireless $0.99 / msg received. Other charges may apply. Charges appear on cell bill. Text HELP to 50760 for help. Text STOP to 50760 to quit. T&C's - http://mobile.penthouse.com. Entertainment only. Exp: 3/31/08. Text MORE to 82000 for a link to the mobile website. Standard text charges may apply.

GAME OF THE MONTH

BioShock

(2K Games) Xbox 360, PC

★★★★★

You watch as your plane crashes into the Atlantic Ocean. Thinking you're still in the in-game movie, you wait to play until you realize ... you can move. The graphics are that good, and it's the first indication that the guys behind *System Shock* are bringing you a whole new experience in the form of a first-person shooter that takes place in an art-deco utopia-gone-wrong. A voice on a transmitter guides you through the seven levels of the disturbing world. As you travel, you encounter "splicers"—people who have gone mad because plasmids and gene tonics have rewired their DNA—and the formidable combo of Big Daddies and Little Sisters, who harvest the life force you need to purchase necessary items.

By the third level, you'll learn how to use your found weapons and powers—plasmids that rewrite your genetic code, giving you the power to electrify, freeze, or burn objects and enemies—and invent new ones. These plasmids are the same elixirs that transformed the city's citizens into monstrous splicers, but you need them to survive. They'll allow you to light an oil slick on fire to torch the bad guys, and use telekinesis to hurl their bodies into others. It's important to learn creative strategies, like hacking a security bot so it targets your opponents instead of your ass, because running and gunning or just taking cover isn't going to save your skin. But, like we said, this isn't your average shooter.

Get ready for a whole new experience in the form of a first-person shooter that takes place in an art-deco utopia-gone-wrong.

METROID PRIME 3: CORRUPTION
(Nintendo) Wii

★★★★★

The gun-toting bounty hunter Samus Aran is up to her old tricks in this new space adventure—eluding alien enemy fire in a morphball, blasting pesky opponents with her old-school stackable beam gun, and destroying enemy barricades with her grappling hook. (What video-game character doesn't come equipped with one of those these days?) But because you're using the Wii's dual controllers, those first-person moments when you're manuevering switches or destroying doors will make you really feel like you're stepping into her suit. Kinky.

MADDEN NFL 08
(EA) Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, Xbox, PS2, PSP, DS

★★★★

It's the most wonderful time of the year: *Madden* season! The basic mechanics are pretty much the same, but it's more realistic, the controls are more responsive, and now each team comes armed with "weapons"—star players from power backs to big hitters. They're highlighted on your screen, so you know what your opponent has in store for you and how you'll need to fight back. This new ability to counter the other team's strengths more efficiently adds a new level of strategy to your gameplay.

BLUE DRAGON
(Microsoft) Xbox 360

★★★★★

This game, developed by the *Final Fantasy* creator's studio, is similar to other role-playing games in that you are a teenage boy who must destroy an encroaching evil entity (in this case, a big purple cloud) to save his town. But instead of giving you the kind of short, half-assed experience that has become the norm for RPGs, you're treated to three discs of fantasy goodness in which you battle strange enemies (including a Poo Snake) with powerful shadows (dragon, minotaur, and phoenix). It's long and deep and leaves plenty of room to explore, just like *Final Fantasy VII*.

STUNTMAN: IGNITION
(THQ) Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PS2

★★★

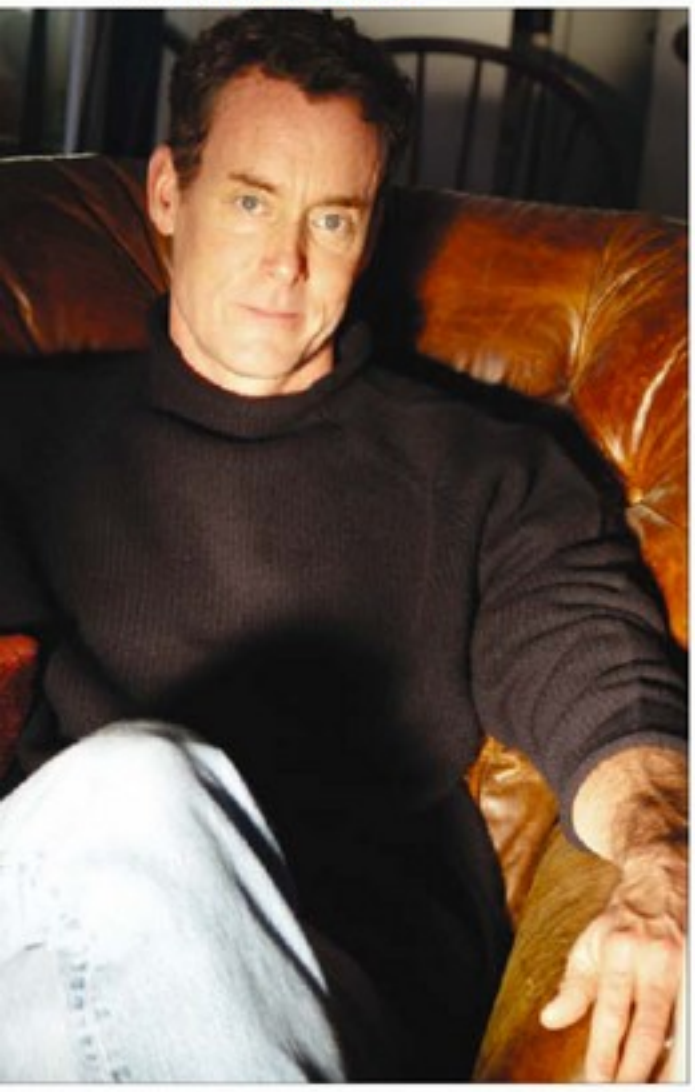
The single-player campaign of this sequel is built around performing the stunt scenes in different action movies, and the closer you come to fulfilling the director's wet dream, the more points you earn. But while it's exciting to dodge oncoming semis and launch your muscle car off ramps—and cool that you can revisit the chaos from a variety of angles and speeds in instant replay—we think the heart of an arcade-style driving game is in its multiplayer component. That's where this really delivers. As you snake through shortcuts and perform death-defying moves that would turn any real car into a junker, you can ram other cars, send them flying into barriers, and indulge your road-rage fantasies. It's similar to the thrill of the original *Full Auto*, but without the weapons or the ability to unwreck.

JOHN WOO PRESENTS STRANGLEHOLD
(Midway) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

It's been 15 years since Chow-Yun Fat first surfaced as Inspector "Tequila" Yuen in John Woo's classic action film *Hard Boiled*, and the dude is still pissed! In this sequel, Tequila's ex-wife has been kidnapped and taken to Chicago; he has to rescue her there while keeping gangs from taking over Hong Kong. In classic Woo fashion, bullets are never scarce, so you don't have to worry about your ammo count; instead, you can focus on deciding exactly how you're going to gun down the jerk who's shooting at you. The environment is ultra-destructible, so you can pick off people while swinging on a chandelier, running up the back of a museum's T. rex skeleton, or sliding across the floor on a tea tray. And once you've pulled off enough acrobatic moves, you can use Tequila Bombs, which let you make one-shot kills, slow down time, or employ a slow-motion spin attack if you're surrounded.

BEHIND THE SCENES



Head Master

John C. McGinley—best known as the acerbic Dr. Perry Cox on NBC's *Scrubs*—makes his first foray into video games as the voice of P.I. Fred Neuman in the PSP title *Dead Head Fred*.

Fred is one pissed-off, sarcastic dude. What inspired you to play him this way?
I took it off the storyboards and the art. It seemed the guy was a combination of Edward G. Robinson in the old gangster movies and Philip Marlow. It's pretty easy to play a guy with an ax to grind if your head's gone.

Were you hesitant to do a game?
I was until I saw the artwork. When I saw this guy, he seemed really subversive and insane. And I thought this was a stab at being funny and hopefully being challenging to gamers. Are you a good gamer?

Yes.
I am not.

What was the last game you played?
It's too embarrassing ... like *Donkey Kong* or *Pac-Man*. I'm a video-game original gangster.

So you can school us in *Pong*?
Yup. *Pong*. Jesus Christ.

Why don't you play?
I stink. I used the consoles to bash my brothers over the head. Instead of using them, I was sticking them down Jerry's esophagus.

All right. Do you have a favorite line in *Dead Head Fred*?
I can't remember anything. There's such a finite amount of gray matter in my head, it's not even funny. I go on talk shows and they're always asking me to do some rant from *Scrubs*. I could sooner remember a page from the phone book.

You worked with Oliver Stone on *Platoon, Born on the Fourth of July,* and *Any Given Sunday*. Are you in talks for his new project?
Oliver calls up and just says where to be and when. There's not a whole lot of pregame. I know he's doing that thing with Sean [Penn, *Pinkville*], but they want to go to Vietnam in October, and I can't do that.

But for previous roles, you've gone pretty extreme. For *Highway* you lost 70 pounds and had dreadlocks sewn into your scalp—
Never again. That was the dumbest thing I'd ever done.

Why?
Because the film sucked. It felt like a real betrayal. [John] Malkovich made fun of me for two years.

Comedy's also easy to get wrong.
If it's not on the page, it's dead meat. If I've heard this once, I've heard it a thousand times: We'll find it on the day. Dude, you know what we're going to find on the day? Moving that 10K, fighting the sun, and that prop just broke. It's got to be on the page.

"This guy seemed really subversive and insane.... It's pretty easy to play a guy with an ax to grind if your head's gone."

INSIDE LOOK

Tap This

Since Turner unveiled GameTap in 2005—allowing anyone with broadband to play the games in its impressive library of titles for a low monthly fee—the service has continued to evolve. Recently, Turner launched a free version for those willing to watch a few ads. Its original adventure title, *Sam & Max*, hits retail shelves in October, and over the past year, GameTap has become a great source of exciting episodic content. Here's what you should check out now and what's in the pipeline:

TOMB RAIDER
There's no new gaming content, but check out the behind-the-scenes photo-shoot video featuring five of the real-life Lara Croft models—squeezed into skintight black vinyl!

GRIMM
This won't be playable until next spring, but it should put game creator American McGee (*Alice*) back on the right track. The twisted game based on classic fairy tales will be released in 24 downloadable chapters.

GAMETAP TV
Tired of *My Super Sweet 16* reruns? If MTV isn't giving you enough time with your favorite stars, watch hours of interviews and exclusive videos with top artists, including My Chemical Romance, Fall Out Boy, and Akon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (JOHN MCGINLEY) RUSSELL BAER

ADVERTISEMENT

Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

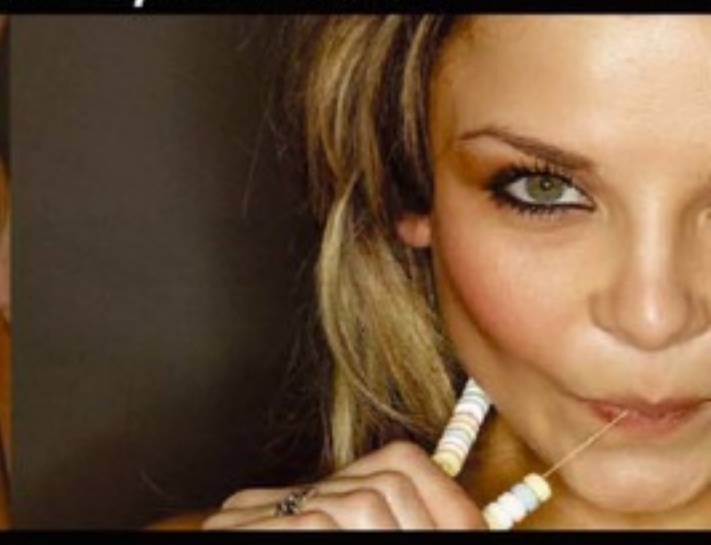
TRY VIVAXA™ FREE TODAY!
And For a Limited Time, receive an additional $200 in Free Gifts!
***see details below**

Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Performance?

Ask Steffanie:

Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Timing" issues are keeping HER from scoring the BIG O - then read this letter that reveals the sex secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!



Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated – he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that might help his stamina and performance but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman – which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **VIVAXA from the makers of Maxoderm (the top selling male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for Instant Male Enhancement). The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on the planet! Best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! And it actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina – it seemed too good to be true!**

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before – by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter – I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used VIVAXA, a quality control and performance enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY*** with your order if you call **1-800-460-0456** or visit their website at **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com**. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

*Dear Readers,

I did some research on Maxoderm VIVAXA and here's what I found: VIVAXA uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first sexual performance and control enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine™. It soothes overstimulation to help men significantly enhance stamina and performance without desensitizing female partners. Check out Vivaxa by calling **1-800-460-0456** or visit **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com** and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get **$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order – **FOR A LIMITED TIME.** Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

From the Makers of MAXODERM Male Enhancement Formula

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Calmosensine™ is a trademark of Sederma, Inc. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. Customer testimonial results may not be typical. The pen name Dr. Steffanie Seaver is used for privacy purposes. All credentials are actual. PENT0807

TREE OF SMOKE

The Horror

America's descent into the madness of Vietnam is unforgettably captured in a magnificent new novel. By Peter Bloch

Almost 30 years ago, when Francis Ford Coppola began creating his epic film *Apocalypse Now,* he had to reach back to the early twentieth century to Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to find a metaphor for America's most infamous foreign war. As Colonel Kurtz (in Marlon Brando's famously over-the-top performance) gasped "The horror! The horror!" at the movie's end, Coppola used Conrad's story of mercenaries in Africa to reflect his own generation's revulsion.

Since then, there have been many excellent novels about Vietnam, but Denis Johnson's *Tree of Smoke* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is the first that truly captures the hallucinatory nightmare of the 1960s, starting with the Kennedy assassination and spiraling into the jungles and tunnels and barren urban landscapes of Southeast Asia, where Washington policymakers decided that America had to make a last stand against evil. Sound familiar?

Tree of Smoke is a very long book that covers two decades (almost as long as Johnson has been writing it), but you'll want to read it once quickly to get a feel for its incredibly convoluted schemes of murderous treachery and rotting violence. And after you turn the last page, I think you'll want to immediately start reading it again, this time more slowly, to savor Johnson's extraordinarily beautiful writing and to fully appreciate the moral morass that engulfs almost everyone in the novel.

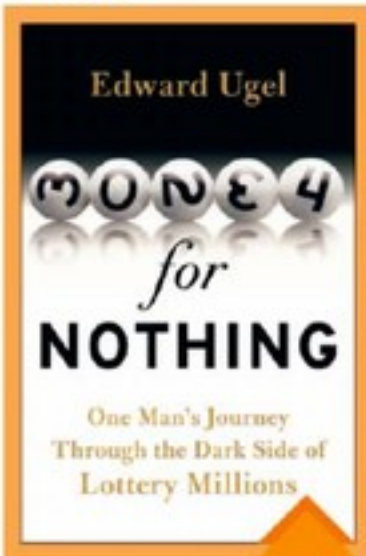
Unforgettable characters surprise us—and themselves—with unexpected acts of heroism.

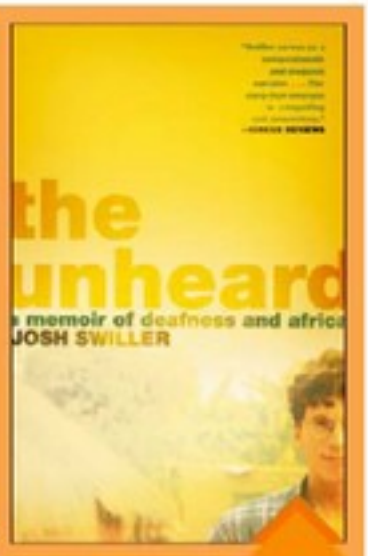
There are two main plotlines. One involves CIA spy "Skip" Sands and his uncle, a legendary intelligence agent known only as "the Colonel," as they try to run a counterespionage operation against the Vietcong. The other follows two white-trash brothers who find themselves in the military because basically, they have nothing better to do. These four men, and the dozens of people whose lives intersect with theirs, are unforgettable characters who can surprise us—and themselves—with unexpected insights and acts of heroism as well as base deception.

The phrase "tree of smoke" symbolizes the Colonel's—and America's—obsession with destroying enemies no matter the cost, but I wouldn't be surprised, since the quest for redemption is also an important theme of the novel, if Johnson was inspired by a striking image from Bob Dylan's "Angelina": "Beat a path of retreat up them spiral staircases / Pass the tree of smoke, pass the angel with four faces / Begging God for mercy and weepin' in unholy places."

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVERETT COLLECTION

REVIEWS





MONEY FOR NOTHING
By Edward Ugel
(HarperCollins)

Lottery winners: lucky bastards or poor schmucks? You decide after reading Ugel's frank and seamy tale of life in the shadowy lottery-finance business, *Money for Nothing: One Man's Journey Through the Dark Side of Lottery Millions*. Before he was out of his twenties, Ugel went from being a broke video-poker addict living in his parents' basement to earning six figures as a high-pressure salesman, pushing winners to sign over their annual prize checks in exchange for heavily discounted lump sums. Think only a fool would take such a deal? The winners he meets are working-class types with mean dogs, tacky "mansions," brand-new boats, and sponging relatives. Some even have debts and drug habits, and Ugel makes it clear that pulling the golden ticket doesn't change squat about either their fundamental happiness or their money-management skills.

But in this memoir of cold calls, hot deals, and lucky breaks, Ugel is the hardest, and funniest, on himself—a pasty, pudgy dude inhaling Marlboro Lights and battling social-anxiety disorder while he makes more money than he's ever seen in his life, only to turn around and blow it time and again at the slots in Atlantic City. The book is weakest when it tries to provide any moral coherence or insight into gambling—this bad boy hasn't really learned his lesson, and it shows. But as a look at two great American pastimes, games of chance and salesmanship, Ugel's hit on a winner.—*Anya Kamenetz*

THE UNHEARD
By Josh Swiller
(Holt)

When Josh Swiller was a little kid, his parents largely ignored the fact that he was deaf, which helped him to become self-sufficient, focus on his strengths, and learn "to love being in the midst of incomprehensible chaos." Being the first deaf volunteer in the Peace Corps would test those skills; but digging wells in a poverty-ridden area of Africa dominated by warlords and witch doctors would almost kill him.

Like Deadwood, South Dakota, Mununga in Zambia is a frontier town where death and disease are commonplace, and violence and even lynching are accepted ways to deal with petty crime. And, like Deadwood, Swiller's memoir could easily become a film or TV series.

In *The Unheard*, Swiller's street smarts and political savvy are tested in almost daily confrontations, but during many of those same days he finds bravery, beauty, and—probably most surprising—lusty humor among the hopelessly poor. Unfortunately, he learns that humans also are capable of unthinkable cruelty and degradation.

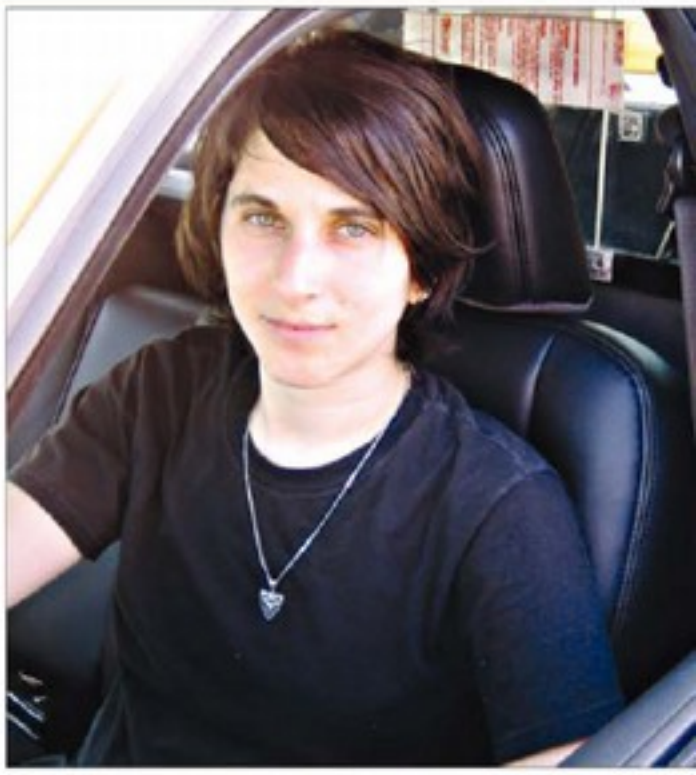
But in the end, Swiller's essential decency, good nature, and resourcefulness shine through. And despite his fury at the seemingly endless incompetence and brutality, you know that his time in Mununga has been worthwhile for him and for many of the natives. If the Peace Corps were smart, they'd give copies of this book to potential recruits. But if Swiller's take on the bureaucracy is accurate, they probably won't.—*P.B.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MEGHAN FOLSO

Q&A

Drive, She Said

Some people agonize about finding the road not taken. Melissa Plaut decided to drive down that road—with the meter running.



When was the last time you rode in a New York City cab with a driver who was (a) female, (b) white, (c) college-educated, or (d) a lesbian? If your answer is never, you'll want to check out Melissa Plaut's new memoir, *Hack: How I Stopped Worrying About What to Do With My Life and Started Driving a Yellow Cab* (Villard). We talked to the 32-year-old blogger (NewYorkHack.Blogspot.com) about her life as a cabbie.

What made you become a cab driver?
I had been laid off from another job. I realized I was not on a path that was fulfilling to me, and I still didn't know what I wanted to do for "the rest of my life" and couldn't settle on a career. I wanted to be the person I wanted to be and not fantasize about doing things. I decided I'm just gonna have adventure after adventure.

Can you tell who's going to be a good or bad tipper?
Not totally, but I definitely started discriminating against scruffy old white dudes with beards, especially if they had a cane—that was a bad sign. That's completely arbitrary, but it happened twice in a row. Sometimes people give you a really nice tip and they're not the kind of people you'd expect that from. It defies all stereotypes. The best is the guy who gave me $140 on a $4.10 fare. That's a once-in-a-lifetime thing.

Who's been your best celebrity rider?
Jon Stewart. I picked him up way on the west side. I turned around and realized it was him and was like, *Oh shit, that's Jon Stewart.* He was on the phone. I didn't say anything. He was going downtown and I forgot to turn on the meter because I was so starstruck. Fifteen blocks later, I turned it on. I think he was talking about hosting an awards show but I couldn't totally hear. I said, "I do this blog and I would love if I could take your picture," and he said, "Sure." He was really awesome. The whole rest of the night, every passenger who seemed okay, I told them, "Jon Stewart was just in the cab."

Do you think you're treated differently than male cab drivers?
As far as customers, it hasn't been negative or positive. They remark on the novelty of it.

What should people do if they plan to have sex in the back of a cab?
Tip your driver really, really well and try not to make a mess.

My most memorable sex story was with this weird, seemingly buttoned-up couple. She gave him a smacky, slurpy, loud blowjob in the backseat and I pretended it wasn't happening. It's such a foreign concept—at least for me—to be in such close proximity to other people having some form of sex. I don't really know what to do. If I'm not totally sure it's happening, then I'm fine; it's not encroaching on my reality in any way. It might be happening, it might not be. If I said something and it wasn't, that would be creepy. When it is happening and I know it, I hope for the best and get 'em there quickly. I'd rather people have fun in my cab than have some sort of bloody fight.

What's your No. 1 piece of advice for cab riders?
Say hello and thank you.

"When sex is happening and I know it, I hope for the best and get 'em there quickly."

OPTICAL *breakthrough*

Get a closer look...100 times closer for sharper accuracy

The optical breakthrough that brings you closer to the action and fits in your pocket.

- 100x zoom–4 times as powerful as most binoculars
- Compact-about half the size of most binoculars
- Great for sporting events, bird watching, races, air shows and more.
- Can be used with sunglasses
- Only 13.1 oz
- Affordable

Are you tired of lugging around bulky binoculars on hikes or to sports events? Are your current binoculars too big to fit in your purse for the theater? Have you just skipped on buying binoculars because they are too expensive? Binoculars are always useful if you're a bird watcher or sports enthusiast, but many for sale are big, bulky and lack any impressive features despite their high prices.

We have the answer. Introducing optical technology that brings everything closer in a smaller package. The improved SuperZoom™ Plus with **100X zoom magnification** compact binoculars are some of the smallest on the market, and they still include all the features you'll want and need. You never know where or when you may want them to take a closer look at the natural world. With excellent zoom capabilities, they clear up distant objects and prevent eyestrain.

Even with their small size, you won't have to compromise on magnification and clarity. The SuperZoom binoculars feature high performance prisms and fully multi-coated lenses which will produce exceptionally sharp, high-contrast images. Our binoculars have the capacity to allow you to view objects at 18x magnification and then zoom-in up to 100x for pinpoint accuracy. The center focus knob and independent right diopter adjustment offers maximum focusing capability, all without ever losing sight of the object you are viewing. With its one-touch zoom lever and sure grip finish on the body, you'll never miss seeing the action clearly again with our binoculars. The binoculars also come with a tripod adapter for ultra-still viewing. The designers thought of everything. You can even twist-down the comfort eyecups so you can view through your binoculars *while wearing sunglasses.*

High-performance optical technology for today's on-the-go consumer.

Complete with protective case with belt loop and a worry-free neck strap, you'll take them everywhere.

If weight, size, eyestrain, or risk of loss are preventing you from taking your binoculars with you when you want them, Carson SuperZoom compact binoculars are the answer. And, with this special direct offer, they're an exceptional value you just can't miss. They come with the manufacturer's lifetime limited warranty and our 30-day money-back guarantee; if you're not completely satisfied, simply return the binoculars for the full purchase price.

Call now to take advantage of our special direct offer.

SuperZoom™ Plus 100x Binoculars
$149.85 + S&H or
Three payments of $49.95 + S&H

Toll-Free 24 hours a day
1-888-201-7078

Promotional Code SZB117-01
Please mention this code when you call.

To order by mail, please call for details.
We can also accept your check by phone.

NEXTTEN
14101 Southcross Drive W.
Dept. SZB117-01, Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.nextten.com

From this view...

...to this!

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **888-201-7078**

Power Play

Attention, all you control freaks. The latest gaming gear—from steering wheels to guitars to 3-D controllers—lets you play hard and get a grip.

By Chuck Tannert Photographs by Nick Ferrari

NOVINT FALCON
$239; PC
NOVINT.COM

Video gaming is getting a lot more interesting these days—and physical, too. First, Nintendo's Wii put the player's body in charge of the on-screen action, bringing the user into the game. Now, the Falcon plunges us even further into the virtual world by bringing elements of the game to us. Unlike traditional Xbox or PlayStation gamepads that vibrate to add realism to the action, this one lets players feel the weight, texture, and shape of objects.

The unit's three arms extend from a bullet-shaped hub and connect at an interchangeable center grip with buttons. Users move the grip up and down, left and right, *and* back and forth—like a height-sensitive mouse. Meanwhile, the motorized arms provide interactive resistance. For example, in the first-person shooter *Half-Life 2*, the controller arms push the grip down when the character picks up a weapon, so the player can feel its virtual weight; the grip pops when the character fires a gun, like kickback (which actually throws off aim); one or two arms resist pressure and vibrate when the character's side brushes by a rusted metal barrel. While this should make hard-core gamers salivate, the Falcon is a little ahead of its time and very few games have been designed to work with this innovative toy. Of course, people said that about the Wii last year, and games are flowing now. But that's Nintendo. Who is Novint?

Stick This (clockwise from top left)

NYKO FRONTMAN WIRELESS GUITAR CONTROLLER
$60; PS2
NYKO.COM

Modeled after the classic Gibson Explorer, the plastic Frontman feels surprisingly similar to a real rock-star ax. The weight and balance are realistic, the neck and fret board—if you can call it that—fit in your hand comfortably, and the bidirectional strum bar is responsive. The wireless receiver has a 25-foot range and looks like a little distortion pedal, which is a nice touch. The whammy bar is fragile, though, and won't hold up to Eddie Van Halen-inspired solos.

LOGITECH DRIVEFX
$100; XBOX 360
LOGITECH.COM

This looks like any other racing wheel, but its sophisticated feedback delivers a level of immersion typically restricted to more expensive driving controllers—it resists turning as the car powers through corners and feels sloppy when the tires slip. The assembly is complemented by Xbox 360 buttons, a D-pad on the wheel spokes, and a brushed-metal hub. The plastic wheel is sturdy, with rubber-wrapped sections for a comfortable and thick grip, and the metallic, ventilated pedals feel sporty. The DriveFX's biggest drawback is that it's difficult to keep grounded and doesn't come with a lap belt, so clamp it down on a table or chair. Then floor it.

QMOTIONS-XBOARD
$90; PS2, XBOX
QMOTIONS.COM

If carving up the virtual slopes with a gamepad has you down, this full-motion controller will have you riding high. Designed for those who like to break a sweat while gaming, the Xboard translates your body movement into your favorite snowboarding or skateboarding games. Tear up the backwoods in *SSX 3* or grind the curbs in *Tony Hawk's American Wasteland*. It's easy to set up, doesn't require batteries, and the controller/board combination offers a whole new level of realism and immersion. Sadly, the Xboard feels flimsy during intense riding, and it could stand to translate motion to the game more accurately. Regardless, it's never been more fun to pull an ollie in the living room.

MAD CATZ ARCADE GAMESTICK
$60; XBOX 360, PC
MADCATZ.COM

This may look like a throwback to the days when the Atari 1200 ruled the gaming world, but the Mad Catz controller has all the innovations that today's gamers need; it's essentially an Atari-style joystick combined with an Xbox 360 gamepad, with a unique spinner control. The GameStick includes three free Xbox Live Arcade games, including the classic *Frogger*. Unfortunately, the plastic housing feels fragile—especially when it's level 20 and that stupid frog insists on crossing the freeway again.

THE FRONTMAN IS MODELED ON THE GIBSON EXPLORER AND FEELS LIKE A REAL ROCK-STAR AX.

How Not to Talk to a Bouncer

"What club customers fail to realize," says Rob the Bouncer, "is that they don't make the rules. They act as if the five-dollar bill they're waving in your face obligates you to risk your job on their behalf while they're off razor-straightening lines of coke on the toilet seat."

My job up front is to halt your forward progress—to find something, anything, I can use to justify preventing you from walking through the door. One false step on your part—a minor dress-code violation or a problem with your ID—and you're shut down. You aren't going past us, and the only way you'll have a prayer of getting in is to "take care of the problem."

"Yo, that guy ain't wearin' a collared shirt! How'd he get in?"

"He took care of the problem."

That's how it works. If getting in actually means something to you, the only way it's going to happen is if you bite the bullet and fork over some cash. That's it. That's the definition of *taking care of the problem*, because the problem invariably entails a certain disconnect between the hand of a bouncer and a bill that stubbornly insists on remaining in your wallet. Drop all the names you want, but we're the final authority unless the manager you know is actually standing on the sidewalk waiting for you, and the chances of that happening are slim.

None of the following crocks-of-shit have ever worked at any door in the history of nightclubs. In fact, if you do decide to use any of these, be aware that you're putting yourself "on the clock" as soon as you open your mouth. This means that the doorman will quickly lose his patience with you, and your wisest course of action—if you still want in—will be to show him some cash.

"I CALLED ON THE PHONE AND THEY SAID IT WAS OKAY!"

No, they didn't. Did you get the name of the person you spoke to? Of course not.

"ALL MY FRIENDS ARE INSIDE!"

So? You're not.

"CAN'T YOU JUST DO ME A FAVOR?"

Sure, I can, but I'm going to need something in return. It's only fair, right? You ask a favor of me, I get one back. Isn't that how it works?

"What do you need?" you'll ask. "My car needs an oil change. It's out back, and I've got a filter wrench and a pan in the trunk. You take care of that for me and I'll let you in. Favor for favor, right?"

> Don't grab my shoulder. Don't give me some "street handshake." Above all, do not hook your hand around my head to make yourself heard. This will result in injury.

Leaving the Club Without Getting Hurt

Don't stand in or in front of the doorway

Is it the inherent right of every guido to block staircases and doorways at every club in Manhattan?

Refrain from excessive loudness

Guidos love the sound of their own voices, especially when their minds have been altered for several hours. They shout at their friends. They shout at "the bitches." They shout rhetorical questions of dubious importance to the rest of us—"Yo, where the fuck is my Benz?" Please, just leave.

Don't get into a fight after last call

Once the deejays announce last call, you should be making your preparations to leave. You should not be arguing with other patrons, talking shit to bouncers, or doing anything other than settling your tab, retrieving your coat, and figuring out how you're getting yourself home. Once last call is made, bouncers start seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. We're thinking about diners and omelets and sleep. Extending a bouncing staff's night will invariably end up exploding in your face, and this explosion is likely to hurt in the morning.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES

Do not engage in public displays of affection in front of us at 4:30 A.M.

Okay, you've met your beautician, and now, before you go your separate ways, it's time for one last swapping of the spit. For a heterosexual male, there's really no greater thrill in life than meeting an attractive female who chooses to reciprocate his affections. Just walk around the corner before you jam your tongue down her throat, will you please? That's not the kind of shit we want to look at after spending eight hours watching you have seizures on the dance floor. And no, I didn't find your keys or your cellphone.

DON'T TOUCH US.

A simple tap on the shoulder is perfectly fine if you need my attention, but that's where the contact has to stop. Don't grab my shoulder. Don't digitally manipulate me every 30 seconds with some contrived "street handshake." Above all, do not hook your hand around my head in order to make yourself heard more clearly. This will result in injury.

"YO, MAN, THERE'S SOME HOT BITCHES UP IN HERE TONIGHT!"

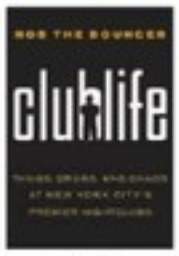
This is not a bingo parlor. A more effective course of action would be to scan the crowd for a particularly "hot bitch," point her out to a bouncer, then attempt to engage in a mutual appreciation of her aesthetic merit.

"YO, YOU GET A LOT OF FIGHTS UP IN HERE?"

No, asshole. The 30 men you see wearing black suits are engaging in a form of performance art. We're part of an interactive interior-design package. It's the new wave in nightclub-sidewall ambience. You like?

"THE GUY SAID IT WAS OKAY!"

Whenever you catch anyone doing anything wrong at a club, there's always a "guy" who, according to them, signed off on whatever it is they're doing. The guy, of course, never has a name.



From the book *Clublife: Thugs, Drugs, and Chaos at New York City's Premier Nightclubs*, by Rob the Bouncer. Copyright ©2007 by Robert Fitzgerald. Reprinted by permission of HarperEntertainment, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.

G Thang

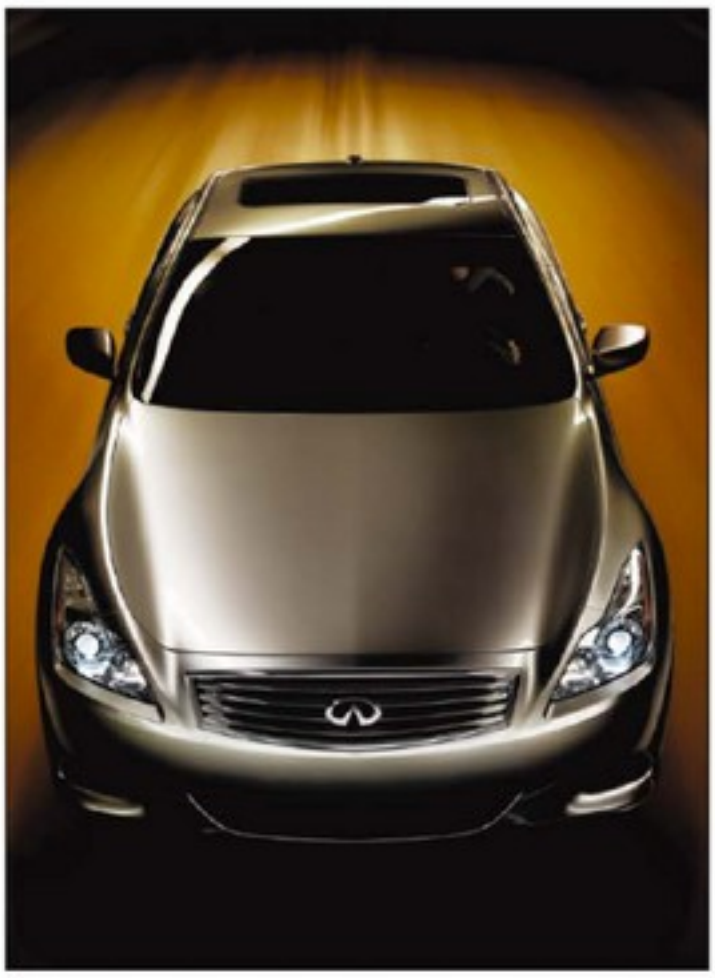
With its latest edition, Infiniti's stellar G series is all grown up and acting its age. But is that really such a good thing?

By Mike Guy

When you get behind the wheel of the 2008 Infiniti G37 Coupe, the words of the salesman ring in your ears: "This car is completely new," he reminds you. "Nothing from the G35 survived the overhaul." At first glance, the 37 doesn't *look* like a radically revamped 35: It has the same double-arch grille, distinct *L*-shaped headlamps, and coltish posture. But from the suspension to the dash-mounted analog clock, the quarter panels to the 3.7-liter V-6 engine, the G37 is essentially a soup-to-nuts rebuild. The product planners at Infiniti are so hyped about their creation, they even gave the G37 a new nickname: the Seductress.

But is the Seductress any more appealing than its predecessor?

The car feels the same when you start it up and goose the accelerator. The significantly revised manual shifter has been tightened up and refined. Only when you take to



the road do the G37's refinements become evident, with a drivability and balance that nearly match the best that Lexus and BMW have to offer.

Still, Infiniti has lost something in the evolutionary jump from the 35 to the 37. The G37 may be an all-around better car—with a bigger, more advanced V-6 engine churning out 330 horsepower. And it may accomplish what its engineers and product planners set out to do—create an affordable coupe that'll knock the luxury-coupe-segment leaders from their pricey perch.

The problem is, the G35 was more fun—more feral and responsive, not to mention less forgiving—sort of like an adolescent. At the Barber Motorsports Park in Leeds, Alabama, the G37 runs the track smoothly, flexing all 270 foot-pounds of its torque out of the corners and settling well in straights at over 120 miles per hour. But it's a mild 120. Where the G35 growls and screams, the G37

WHILE THE G35 MAINTAINS A HEDONIST'S OUTLOOK, THE G37 BOUGHT A HOUSE, HUNG ITS BIKE IN THE GARAGE, AND FILLED ITS CELLAR WITH WEDDING PRESENTS.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-passenger coupe
Engine	3.7-liter V-6, Variable Valve Event and Lift (VVEL), sequential fuel injection
Power	330 horsepower
Torque	270 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual; five-speed automatic
Suspension	Front single pivot, double-wishbone design
Wheelbase	112.2 inches
Tires	19-inch 225/45WR19 (front), 245/40WR19 (rear)
Curb weight	3,616 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0-60 mph	5.2 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel economy	N/A
Price (as tested)	$34,000

purrs. The latest iteration may have more horses, but the horses are tamer. While the G35 maintains a hedonist's outlook, the G37 has purchased a house, hung its bike in the garage, and filled its cellar with unopened wedding presents.

One of the big technological improvements is rear active steering. At speeds over 35 mph, the rear wheels turn slightly in concert with the front; so when you execute a pass on the freeway, for example, it'll give you a little extra carve during the lane change. But going into a corner at the Barber track at 70 mph, the active steer caused the vehicle to understeer dramatically.

The interior styling takes its cues from the Infiniti's exquisite M series, and the improvements give it a very adult, refined atmosphere. In particular, there are lightly brushed aluminum highlights that the marketing material proudly trumpets as a new design scheme called "washi."

The G37 may not rule the coupe roost but it comes close, even after accounting for what was lost in the jump from the G35. And with its very agreeable sticker price of around $34,000, the G37 would be a very adult choice indeed: She may not be a colt anymore, but she's the hottest cougar on the block.

Pet Peeves

It's nearly impossible to decipher a woman's thoughts. June '07 Pet Kimberly Williams cracks the code, so now you'll know if your once-in-a-while girl is hunting for a relationship or simply enjoying the ride.

By Jonathan Ages

THE NUMBERS GAME

"I give my e-mail address when I don't want to be in a relationship. I could still be leaving the door open to hook up on Friday night, but with e-mail it's like, 'Keep in touch; *I'll* get back to *you*.' But if she picks up the phone, she's giving you her time. That's completely different."

LIQUID ASSETS

"I have a girlfriend who can do all the things she wants as soon as she gets liquid courage in her. But just because she gets drunk and then has sex with you, that doesn't mean she wants a relationship. You're just her weekend-warrior boyfriend. But if it's been a couple of Friday nights, then a girl could be seeing where it goes and hoping to hook up with you—outside of the times she's too sloshed to remember what you look like."

WEEKENDS ARE OUT-OF-BOUNDS

"She's not into a relationship if she isn't going out in public with you. I don't bring just any guy out because I would have to answer to my friends and family. They'd have 1,001 questions and it's like, 'Jesus Christ, I didn't grab his Social Security number!' She probably views you as a friend if you haven't hooked up after a couple of dates, so make sure you're getting some at the end of the night."

YOU'RE NOT INVITED

"You should be very curious about what she's doing. If she doesn't tell you, then she's probably doing something that she doesn't want you to know about. She could be hanging out with somebody else."

THE EXES TALK

"I freely offer up information about my exes 'cause I'm not embarrassed by my mistakes. I'm like, 'Listen, I'm demanding. I'm telling you now before you fall in love and get your feelings hurt.' But if a girl doesn't want to talk about her exes, she's probably not comfortable being in a relationship with you. Feel her out; she could still be cool with coming over on Friday night and being treated like a piece of meat."

THE INQUISITION

"If she asks about *your* exes, then she's figuring out if she wants to have a relationship with you. She wants to know how you're going to treat her. I'm nosy, so I just freely ask these things. I'm like, 'So, you married? Cheating on your wife?' "

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISHA

Scoundrel

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue

Dear Scoundrel,
***All my friends are in relationships, and they won't be my wingmen at bars anymore since their girlfriends are always in tow. How do I get my wingmen back?*—Joe P., Pennsylvania**

Use the force, Luke. And by "the force" I mean your friends' girlfriends' powers of persuasion on unsuspecting barroom hotties. *Wing* is just a prefix for a device that is useful in your eternal pursuit of the fairer-smelling sex, and it's time you applied it to the word *girl*. So use your wing-girl and wise you will be, young Padawan.

Your friends' girlfriends make better wings than your boys do—and they will happily help your cause, since the alternative is debating the choices on their Netflix queue with their significant other. Relationship people love living vicariously through the carnal exploits of the bachelor set. Defer to her expertise when selecting your prey; women have better judgment than men, and are significantly more skilled at sniffing out prowlers. But know when to exercise your veto, since women frequently overlook the cantaloupe-chested floozy who's ripe for the pickin' in favor of that skinny girl with nice teeth and great shoes. And make sure you establish A and B plans of attack, in case your prey gets scared away by something superficial—such as your shoes or personality.

In the end, an endorsement from a normal woman holds more weight than your sloppy frat brother's plug that you are a "legend at keg stands." So while you're enjoying yourself with friends and pretending to be the ultimate tall, dark one-night stand, have your new femme-wing approach the target, lock on, befriend, and eventually declare to her, "I have the perfect guy for you—my boyfriend's friend Joe."

Dear Scoundrel,
I just got back from traveling and had to haggle for just about everything. I'm terrible at negotiating. What's the trick?
—Matt W., New York

The negotiation game is complex, so you better know the rules before you hand over the contents of your wallet to the toothless guy selling the Care Bear-themed double-barrel bong. Rule No. 1: Know what your opponent needs. How desperate is this person? What is going to happen if you *don't* buy the Michael Bolton bootleg recording? Rule No. 2: Be personal. You can extend the negotiation and charm your way to a better price if you speak the seller's language, smile, and throw in a semi-creepy wink. "I'll take 'em at that price, amigo, but only if you throw in your sister ..." *Smile ... Wink* ... "Sold!" Rule No. 3: Be prepared. Determine how much you're willing to spend, then start with a lower price. Expect to meet your nemesis halfway. If you declare your "best offer," don't bend from it. If the price is fair, you'll get it—even if it's from somewhere else. Who knows? You may even get the sister. *Ándale!*

AN ENDORSEMENT FROM A WING-GIRL HOLDS MORE WEIGHT THAN YOUR SLOPPY FRAT BROTHER'S PLUG THAT YOU ARE A "LEGEND AT KEG STANDS."

Dear Scoundrel,
***I've started dating this girl who is a little freakier than I'm used to. I'm cool with experimenting, but I can't keep up. How do I get her to ease up on the kink without seeming like a drag?*—Jamie D., Louisiana**

If you don't get your freak on, this chick will leave you cuffed to your bed without a pee bucket. What is she supposed to do? Accept that there's no excitement left in the missionary position and spend the rest of her life watching *Antiques Roadshow* reruns while mastering needlepoint? Hell, no! She's a freak with an incredibly high P.Q. (pervert quotient), and you should be happy she's using you as her test subject.

On the other hand, a 38-year-old British man was strangled to death this year after his girlfriend—dressed as a neo-Nazi hangman—failed to cut the rope in time. So meet your kink-pusher halfway. You don't have to attach a car battery to your nipples, but the least you can do is look into her eyes, kiss her passionately, and call her a dirty whore when she pulls out that vibrating cock ring. Rise to the occasion, saddle up, and fuck her silly—the way *you* like to do it—and make sure you satisfy her before she gets a chance to pull out the ben-wa balls and buttermilk-enema kit.

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM

ILLUSTRATION BY LEE WOODGATE

THE KEY TO A DEEPER APPRECIATION OF RUM COMES FROM SIPPING A DARK, AGED, FULL-BODIED ELIXIR.

Mellow Gold

The right premium rum might just turn you onto rum without the cola. By Abigail Aronofsky

Rum tends to get the short shrift. All too often it's treated like your hard-partying buddy who never takes off his baseball cap. Whether he's in the bleachers of a White Sox game or on his way to a wedding, you never see him without it—the way you never drink rum without Coke or some other taste-muddling mixer. So just as it's time your buddy gave up the lid of his youth, maybe it's time you moved beyond spring-break cocktails.

Most rum used in mixed beverages like mojitos and Cuba Libres (that's what Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders called rum and Coke during the Spanish-American War) is "light," meaning the alcohol has not been aged and is clear or light yellow. While not necessarily inferior in quality, light rums have a stronger alcohol bite and should be mixed accordingly—with juices, colas, and convenience-store slushees.

Get it right

Not all rum is created equal, so drink accordingly

CAPTAIN MORGAN AND COKE
Retro pirate spokesman gives you an excuse to use the pickup line, "Got a little captain in you? Would you like some?"

MOUNT GAY AND TONIC
Garnished with orange or lime makes a clean and sophisticated mixed drink.

MALIBU AND PINEAPPLE
Not just for sorority girls, but may help you score one.

BACARDI SUPERIOR
Is the go-to for a mean mojito or daiquiri.

PAMPERO ANIVERSARIO
Should be enjoyed on the rocks or straight—no exceptions.

But the key to a deeper appreciation of rum comes from sipping it, and for this you'll want a full-bodied, aged, dark elixir that'll conjure up a sun-drenched Caribbean island. A prime sipping rum ranges from dark gold to mahogany in color and contains rich flavors, including vanilla, molasses, and spices. Most people tend to judge rum by its hue, assuming that a darker product indicates higher-quality liquor. And though aging does infuse rum with an amber tint, most brands add caramel coloring to the liquid after it comes out of the barrels, so don't let the shade determine whether the rum should be mixed into a mojito or enjoyed straight. Instead, look for the bottle to say *añejo* ("aged") or "brown." Splash it on the rocks and light up a good cigar. Without the baseball cap, your buddy almost looks like an actual man. Now he can drink like one, too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRARI

Atlanta

Chicago

Denver

Detroit

Houston

Los Angeles

Mexico City

Myrtle Beach

New Orleans

New York

Niagara Falls

St. Louis

Tampa

Wellford

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance. Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.

The PENTHOUSE Club

Where the Magazine Comes to Life!

For more information on our clubs, visit:
www.PenthouseClubs.com

all eyes on me

Amy Brown has a killer body and a mind of her own. And she knows you like to watch. Just try to keep from staring.

Photographs by Petter Hegre

Ha! Made you look.
Don't try to act blasé. I see you see me and I sorta get off on it.

Amy

I'm a total slut for attention. I can't help myself. And by the look of it, neither can you... It's like having a superpower or something.

When I bend
down to fix
the straps
on my heels
and you
think I
can't see
you behind
your sunglasses
or all sunk
down in your
parked car,
I can feel
you looking
and my
cheeks
get flushed
and my
skin gets
hot.

But don't think for a second that I don't know what I'm doing, that I don't know how to work it.

I do. I know just how to move to keep your eyes glued to me. I know just how to make you lose it. But you're going to have to work to get at this. See this?

How are you going to pique my interest? How you gonna get me wet? I want to know; I really do. But first I'm gonna heighten the tension and make you sweat.

I slip into the too-short shorts and pretend I don't notice as you crane your neck. I lean in too close and let my soft hair brush your chest, let my breath hit your neck. I can smell your scent and it gets me all worked up, too.

But I'll never let you know it. I act like I'm oblivious — like I can't understand what the stares and the too-long eye contact are all about.

Amy

I act as if I can't help it if you want to buy me drinks, or put your tongue in my mouth, or take me home to worship these curves.
But I'm not going to just put it all out there for you.

I'm going to make you sweat first. And you're gonna have to take it.
And I may be a dirty girl underneath, but I'll never show you – not until you earn it.
And until then, don't take your eyes off me.

Jamie Bestwick

The British BMX legend talks about dominating, wiping out, and making par.

With two major events on the schedule—the X Games in Los Angeles from August 2 to 5, and the Dew Action Sports Tour's Portland stop from August 16 to 19, Jamie Bestwick is having a busy month. But that's nothing new: Bestwick is BMX vert's top dog, with the past two Dew Tour season titles, three X Games gold medals, and two Gravity Games titles on his résumé. In 2005, Bestwick won every contest he entered. He's got a lot to live up to this year, so we didn't mind that he was relaxing by playing in a charity golf tournament when we spoke to him recently.

Where is this tournament happening?
It's at the Penn State golf course, and it's for the charity Coaches vs. Cancer. We're doing good. We're six under after six holes. It's a best-ball format.

Who are your partners?
It's a five-man team, and each team has a celebrity. I'm playing with a group from State College, Pennsylvania. They're all engineers.

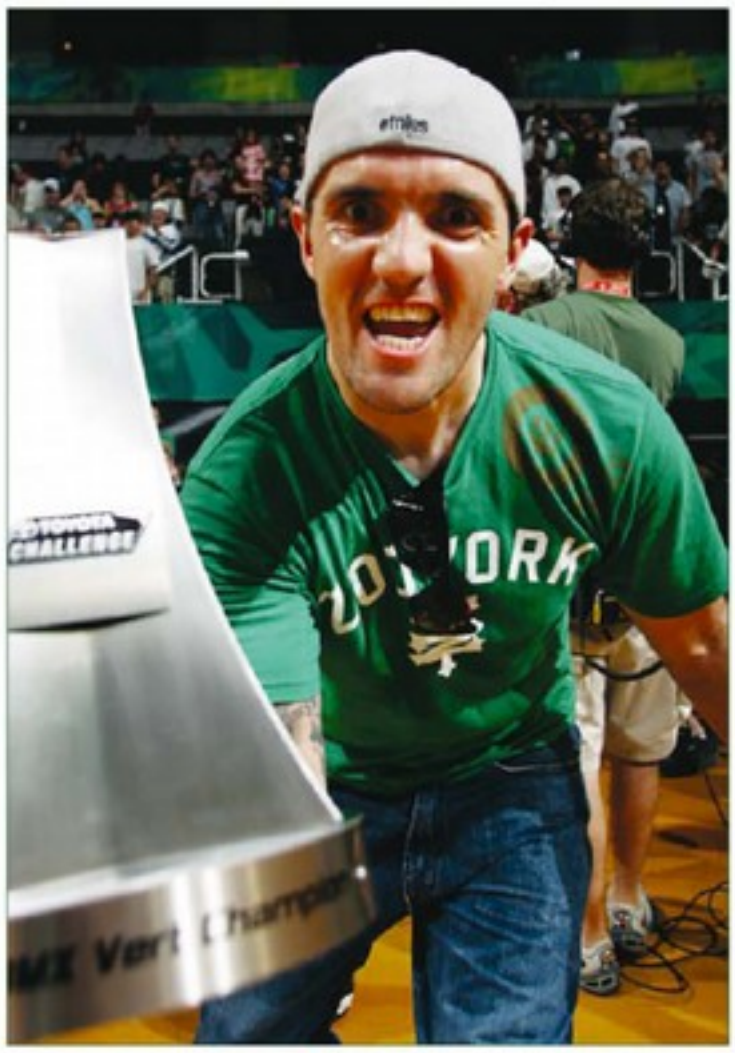
I understand you had surgery last year to fuse together two vertebrae in your neck, and afterward, the doctors told you that your BMX career was over. You defied their orders and came back to win the Dew Tour and finish second in the X Games. What made you decide to take that risk?
Can I tell you in a second? It's my turn.

Sure.
[*New voice, Doug, comes over the phone*] Hello? I don't know what he's saying about his golf game, but he's really good.
[*Bestwick returns*]

It sounds like the Senior Tour mightbe in your future after you're done with BMX.
[*Laughs*] I think I need a lot more practice for the Senior Tour. But maybe when Peter Oosterhuis is ready to hang up his boots, I might audition for commentator of the Golf Channel.

What made you decide to go back to BMX after your doctors told you to retire?
Well, that's an ultimatum given to a lot of athletes when they're going through a severe injury. At first, I did say, "That's it, then. I have to walk away from the sport." But the minute that any athlete starts getting strong again, that has a huge mental impact. You start to believe that you can compete again and that you'll be the same, if not better, than before. So once I'd gotten stronger and the passion returned, that's what made me go for it last year.

Was your wife okay with the decision?
That injury was a really bad one, but at the end of the day, she just wanted me to do what I felt was best, and my family all gave me the backing, too. It was a collective decision. Hold on. Sorry, can you wait one minute?
[*Doug comes back on*] He's putting.



Bestwick hoisted the hardware at the Dew Tour's San Jose stop last year.

What was his shot the last time you were on?
We were about 100 yards out, the hole was at the front of the green, and he left it about 15 yards short. Which was good; we used it. Now he's about 15 feet from the hole.

And he's putting for ... par?
No, we're putting for birdie! We had a good drive, a good second shot, and now we're on three. Jamie's lining it up ... it's tracking, it's tracking ... ooh! Bit short. Hold on a sec....
[*Bestwick returns*]

I hear you left it a little short.
Yeah, I did.

But you're still in par position. Tell us about your unprecedented 2005 season.
Well, I had put in the work before the contests, so I knew that I would pull off everything perfectly. It gave me that extra confidence. I saw when people made mistakes on their runs, and I capitalized by hitting tricks I knew I could pull every time. But yeah, 2005 was just a phenomenal year. It really was.

I've read that you have a fear of heights. What about when you're getting big air off the ramp?
Well, I'm only up there for a split second, and I haven't got time to really take onboard how high I am. I'm so busy concentrating on where I need to be in the trick.

When a skateboarder wipes out, his board just shoots away. But a BMXer has to worry about the bike coming down on top of him. What's the trick to a good bailout?
There's a saying that skateboarders crash like cats and BMXers crash like dogs. Because skateboarders are very graceful when the board gets away from them and they can knee-slide out, whereas a BMXer basically goes down with the ship. It's "Hang on, and it's gonna hurt."

You guys are obviously tough, but a couple of years ago former rider Mat Hoffman claimed to have undergone knee surgery without anesthesia. Do you believe that?
Yeah, I can believe he did that. Now, ask any other guy if they want to do the same thing, and—I mean, I'll tell you right now I wouldn't even contemplate doing that. But I did hear that Hoffman did it, and he's more than welcome to do that as many times as he wants. That's just not for me.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BO BRIDGES/AST DEW TOUR

"THERE'S A SAYING THAT SKATEBOARDERS CRASH LIKE CATS AND BMXERS CRASH LIKE DOGS. WE GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP. IT'S 'HANG ON, AND IT'S GONNA HURT.' "

Throwing Junk With Steve Kline

He may not be a household name, but if you're a fan of the Cardinals, Orioles, or his current team, the Giants, you certainly know of reliever Steve Kline. The left-handed setup man has made an impression at every stop in his 11-year career, as much for his shoot-from-the-hip sound bites as for his wicked sinker. *Penthouse*'s Ed Condran polled Kline on several of baseball's hot topics.

On why the brushback pitch has all but faded from the game
"People think you're trying to hurt the superstar hitter. But if you drill a guy, you don't go for the head. You go for the back or the ribs. Bob Gibson would put you on your butt in a heartbeat. Willie Mays told me that it's part of the game and it should be that way today."

On Alex Rodriguez
"Great player, but he's a big baby. The personal stuff is none of anyone's business, but on the field he's a baby. You shouldn't say anything when you're playing. Just play the game. A-Rod thought he could distract a player, and it worked. [*Editor's note:* Rodriguez called out to Toronto third baseman Howie Clark as Clark was camped under a routine fly ball this past May, causing Clark to miss it.] He got more attention because of the incident with Bronson Arroyo, when he tried to punch the ball out of his hand [during the 2004 ALCS]. Some people have said A-Rod deserves all the stuff that's gone on—but his family doesn't deserve it."

On showing emotion on the mound
"I want to show people we're not robots. I'm a perfectionist. I'll get a guy out and cuss myself on the mound because I got lucky. My mom gives me a lot of crap for cussing. She says, 'You embarrass me.' But this is my livelihood. If I don't do my job, I'm out of here."

"A-ROD IS A GREAT PLAYER, BUT HE'S A BIG BABY. THE PERSONAL STUFF IS NONE OF ANYONE'S BUSINESS, BUT ON THE FIELD HE'S A BABY."

On his reputation as an outspoken guy, and the responses it brings out in opposing fans
"They call me a motherfucker, an asshole, a cocksucker. My five-year-old daughter is often at the ballpark. I tell her that they just want Daddy to do bad. They don't really mean it."

On former teammate Mark McGwire
"Big Mac was one of the best teammates I ever had. I think he's getting a raw deal. If you could have voted for him in 1999, he would have been voted into the Hall of Fame. It's funny that the writers can vote for who goes in the Hall of Fame. Why can't we vote for which reporters are hired? But Mark was down-to-earth. He was a great teammate. You don't want an arrogant, conceited prick for a teammate."

On current teammate Barry Bonds
"Barry is very quiet. He doesn't bug anybody. You don't hear a word from Barry Bonds. He just plays. What cracks me up about Bonds is that people boo him when he comes up. Then they boo the pitcher when he walks him. Or they clap when he hits a home run. What do these people freakin' want? It's crazy."

On performance-enhancing drugs in baseball
"They should start looking to the future. In the past, there wasn't testing. You can't do much about that. Whatever happened, happened. Test the kids. You need to protect them. They have to watch what they put in their bodies and you need to protect the game."

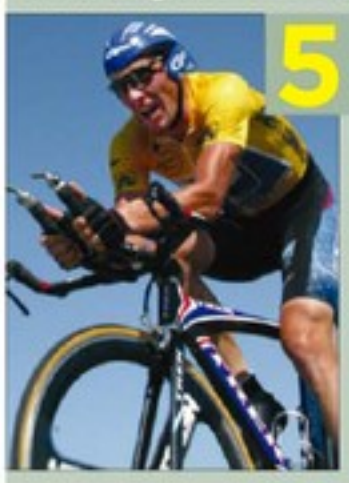
On the banners greeting Bonds in MLB parks this summer
"The hot-dog-and-beer one was the best [RUTH DID IT ON HOT DOGS AND BEER, at Citizens Bank Park]. You have to laugh at it since it was clever, and that's Philadelphia fans for you."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PIMENTEL/ICONSMI; OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE) AP; BETTMANN/CORBIS; GEORGE TIEDEMANN/GT IMAGES/CORBIS; BRUCE BENNETT STUDIOS/GETTY IMAGES; SCOTT SOMMERDORF/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE/CORBIS; CORBIS

By John Bolster

Penthouse Top 5 The Untouchables

As Barry Bonds stalked Henry Aaron's all-time home-run record, we got to thinking about hallowed marks that should be safe for a long time—from both the cream *and* the clear.



5

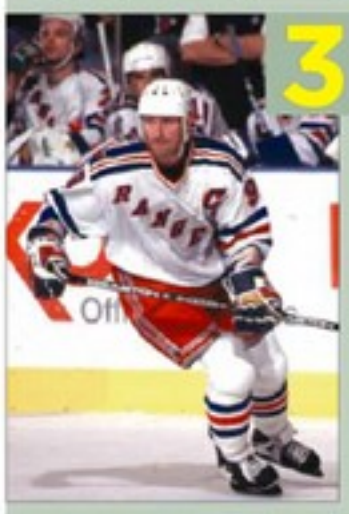
SEVEN MOST CONSECUTIVE TOUR DE FRANCE TITLES, LANCE ARMSTRONG

With all the recent revelations, cycling's drug problem is under the microscope like never before. Whatever you believe about Armstrong's body chemistry during his prime, no one is going to reel off eight straight Tour titles—not in your lifetime.

4

22,895 CAREER RECEIVING YARDS, JERRY RICE

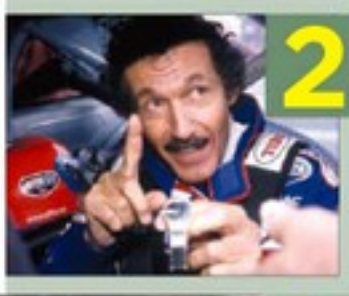
The closest active player is Indianapolis's Marvin Harrison. He has 13,697 career yards and a 35th birthday this August.



3

2,857 CAREER NHL POINTS, WAYNE GRETZKY

The Great One holds several records that could make this list (215 points in a season; 92 goals in a season), but this one, with its combination of explosive production and durability, is the most untouchable. Number two on the list, Mark Messier, retired with 970 fewer points; and Sidney Crosby, through two seasons, is already 79 points off Gretzky's pace.



2

200 CAREER NASCAR VICTORIES, RICHARD PETTY

Long live the King. The active wins leader in NASCAR is Jeff Gordon, who had 79 victories at press time and turned 36 on August 4.

1

511 CAREER PITCHING WINS, CY YOUNG

Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak, Ty Cobb's .367 lifetime average, and Nolan Ryan's 5,714 career strikeouts are very, very unlikely to be broken, but Young's supersize win total will never—ever—be topped. Roger Clemens rejoined the Yanks this summer at age 45, with 349 career wins. Think he has 163 more in him?

Penthouse Hall of Fame

Before Jack Tatum and Ronnie Lott, there was Johnny Sample: badass defensive back from the 1950s and '60s.

He played with Johnny Unitas, Sonny Jurgensen, Bobby Layne, and Joe Namath. He was on the winning side in the landmark 1958 NFL championship, the so-called Greatest Game Ever Played. He played in the *Heidi* game of 1968, when NBC cut away from a Jets-Raiders game to air the children's film—right before the Raiders scored two touchdowns in the final 42 seconds to win. He capped his career by making a crucial interception in the Jets' upset of the Colts in Super Bowl III, the game Joe Namath famously guaranteed the Jets would win. He was also a forceful presence off the field, speaking out against racism in the NFL and testifying before a federal grand jury on the subject. After earning a rep for rule-bending gamesmanship, Sample titled his 1970 memoir *Confessions of a Dirty Ballplayer*. But he wasn't dirty; just hard-nosed and given to trash-talk—which he could almost always back up.

You Could Look It Up

A summer book to extend your bathroom breaks—and fill in every gap, nook, and cranny in your knowledge of sports.

Throw away your crossword puzzles, your *Mad Libs*, and the *Guinness World Records* because the ultimate in bathroom reading arrived in May: It's Gary Belsky and Neil Fine's *23 Ways to Get to First Base*, an "uncyclopedia" of sports factoids, tidbits, and lore. Belsky and Fine have flipped sports culture upside down and emptied its pockets of all the ticket stubs, game programs, golf tees, and artifacts it was hoarding: You'll find the complete transcript of the announcer's call of the "Stanford band game"; Ty Cobb's (surprisingly detailed) batting instructions; and the name of every sports figure ever to guest star on *The Simpsons*. There's also a list of every athlete ever drafted in more than one sport; the World Rock Paper Scissor Society's "Responsibility Code" ("Think twice before using RPS for life-threatening decisions"); and the *real* Original Six NHL franchises (they're not the ones you think—and not, in fact, six). The deftly designed hardcover is compact but loaded with knowledge—useless yet indispensable knowledge that will make you the hero of your local's next sports-trivia night. So enjoy. And don't forget to light a match.

Penthouse Top

25

From Tailback U to Howard's Rock, here is the cream of the college football crop.

Every Given Saturday

Like beer bongs and bratwurst, our preview is the perfect way to get ready for the college football kickoff, featuring the Penthouse top 25, our Heisman candidates, 24 unheralded players to watch, and a scientific survey of the blogosphere.

By Peter Schrager

We love college football—laughable academic standards, insane boosters, police-blotter shenanigans and all. Hell, we don't even mind the BCS system. It makes the regular season that much more exciting: If your team loses once, it can pretty much kiss its title hopes good-bye. What other sport's regular season is a single-elimination playoff? We're not clamoring for a postseason in college football; far from it. We love the bowl season. It's a three-week celebration of the game, and the holidays wouldn't be the same without it. And this year it'll be more important than ever, because the BCS championship is going to be a one-horse race from wire to wire. Here's how we see the top 25 shaping up at season's end:

1 USC

Most of the defense is back, QB John David Booty (right) is poised for a Heisman run, and they've got about 15 running backs on the roster who could start for most Division I-A teams. Good luck to the rest of the Pac-10—and the nation. This could get ugly.

BIGGEST GAME

Nebraska on September 15—in Lincoln and under a national-television spotlight—*could* be an early stumbling block for the Trojans, as the Huskers might leverage their home-field advantage to pull off the upset. Then again, don't be surprised if USC wins by 30.

2 West Virginia

Steve Slaton and Pat White (below); Pat White and Steve Slaton—you will see roughly 30 *College GameDay* segments and read about a dozen fluff pieces on these two and their friendship during the next six months. Consider yourself warned.

BIGGEST GAME

At Rutgers on October 27. Will the Mountaineers be able to withstand the Scarlet Knights' rushing attack, Greg Schiano's defense, and the fans with Jersey Shore accents screaming at them? Sure. And after they do, they'll be well on their way to a spot in the BCS title game.

3 LSU

Last year's stars JaMarcus Russell, Dwayne Bowe, LaRon Landry, and Craig Davis were all first-round picks in April's NFL draft. That's just scary. And you know what's even scarier? The Tigers will barely skip a beat without them.

BIGGEST GAME

Florida on October 6. That bizarre Tim Tebow jump pass for a touchdown in last year's game? And Tebow bowling over Tigers safety Jessie Daniels? (Check it out on YouTube.) Yeah, there's a bit of unfinished business here.

4 Michigan

Michigan fans cried for weeks when Florida got the BCS title-game berth last year instead of their team. And then the Wolverines got slaughtered by USC in the Rose Bowl. Wasted tears, folks. This year? A different story.

BIGGEST GAME

Ohio State on November 17. Duh.

5 Texas

Quarterback Colt McCoy and receiver Limas Sweed—who sound like fictional characters in a rough-and-tumble pro-football flick, but are in fact real-life Texas Longhorns—are bound to give Matthew McConaughey an excuse to take off his shirt several times this season.

BIGGEST GAME

Oklahoma on October 6. Jimmy Neutron—er, Colt McCoy makes it a three-peat for Texas in the Red River Shootout.

6 Virginia Tech

After a rare off year, BeamerBall's back in Blacksburg! We're not sure what that means, exactly—but it sounds right.

BIGGEST GAME

At Georgia Tech on November 1. A nationally televised Thursday-night game on ESPN—the perfect opportunity for a BCS title contender to show its worth. And another way to get out of watching *Grey's Anatomy* with your girlfriend.

7 Florida

Nine Gators from last year's championship squad were taken in the NFL draft, yet no one in Gainesville is worried. In Urban Meyer they trust.

BIGGEST GAME

Auburn at home on September 29. The Tigers put the only blemish on Florida's 2006 BCS title season. Get ready for an old-fashioned whuppin' at the Swamp this time around.

8 Ohio State

Linebacker James Laurinaitis is a Butkus Award candidate, but the quarterback position could be tricky: The options are junior Todd Boeckman and sophomore Robby Schoenhoft, big guys (six-five and six-six, respectively) with spring-loaded arms—who lack game experience.

BIGGEST GAME

Apart from the annual grudge match with Michigan (November 17), it's the November 3 game versus Wisconsin. Everyone's picking the Badgers and the Wolverines to vie for the Big Ten championship.

9 Hawaii

The Colt Brennan show rolls on. We're very bullish on the aerial artists formerly known as the Rainbow Warriors: Look for an undefeated season, 60 TD passes from Brennan, and a BCS bowl berth.

BIGGEST GAME

Boise State, November 23. The over/under for this game? About 120.5.

10 California

Some say tailback Justin Forsett is better than former Cal All-American Marshawn Lynch. Though that may be a stretch, the senior averaged 7.6 yards per carry in 2005, and he's fired up to finally be the featured back in Berkeley.

BIGGEST GAME

Tennessee, September 1: Cal's defensive backs still have nightmares about Robert Meachem scorching them in last year's season opener.

The Next 15

11 Louisville
Legit Heisman contender Brian Brohm (left) returned, even if coach Bobby Petrino didn't.

12 Oklahoma
One to watch: freshman running back DeMarco Murray. One you can't miss: the appropriately named six-foot-eight, 350-pound tackle Phil Loadholt.

13 Arkansas
The nation's top running-back duo (Darren McFadden and Felix Jones) will help the Razorbacks forget an off-season, off-field circus.

14 Wisconsin
P. J. Hill had a Ron Dayne-like debut season as the Badgers' featured tailback. That's a compliment.

15 Florida State
New assistant coach Chuck Amato brings his "Oakleys at night" look to Tallahassee. Alert Sunglass Hut.

16 Tennessee
The Vols open at Cal on September 1, then travel to Florida on the 15th. Ouch.

17 Texas A&M
Jorvorskie "J-Train" Lane, the Aggies' 275-pound tailback, gives hope to "big-boned" children everywhere.

18 Georgia
Quarterback Matthew Stafford is the most popular guy in Athens. Well, behind Michael Stipe, of course.

19 Rutgers
Running back Ray Rice and quarterback Mike Teel must keep chopping.

20 Oregon
The Ducks get Michigan and Cal in September. We'll know a lot about them by October 1.

21 Auburn
Seven starters return from last year's defense. But the SEC is insanely competitive.

22 Notre Dame
Jimmy Clausen or not, with this supporting cast, it's a rebuilding year.

23 UCLA
Mighty defense (they bottled up USC 13–9 last season and return ten starters), but anemic offense.

24 Boise State
Did you *see* last year's Fiesta Bowl? Still the Broncs graduated too many stars for a BCS return.

25 Clemson
Backfield duo of James Davis and C. J. Spiller is super-talented but super-flaky. Will freshman Willy Korn start at quarterback?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) ANDY LYONS/GETTY IMAGES, MATT BROWN/ICON SMI, MARC SEROTA/GETTY IMAGES, ANDY LYONS/GETTY IMAGES. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY AGE FOTOSTOCK

The Blogmen

Time was, if you were a rabid college football fan, your sphere of influence was limited to kidnapping the other team's mascot. The Internet has changed all that.

Scandalous MySpace photos of USC cheerleaders, a video clip of two male LSU fans locking lips after a Tigers touchdown, and an SEC coach's cellphone call log courtesy of the Freedom of Information Act. Welcome to the world of college football fan sites. Along with compromising pictures, blackmail-worthy video, and investigative work that would make Woodward and Bernstein proud, some of the most passionate college football writing in any media comes from these sites. We peppered the bloggers behind our favorite sites with three key questions about the upcoming season, and one about a highlight-reel tailgating story (see opposite page). Here's what they shot back.

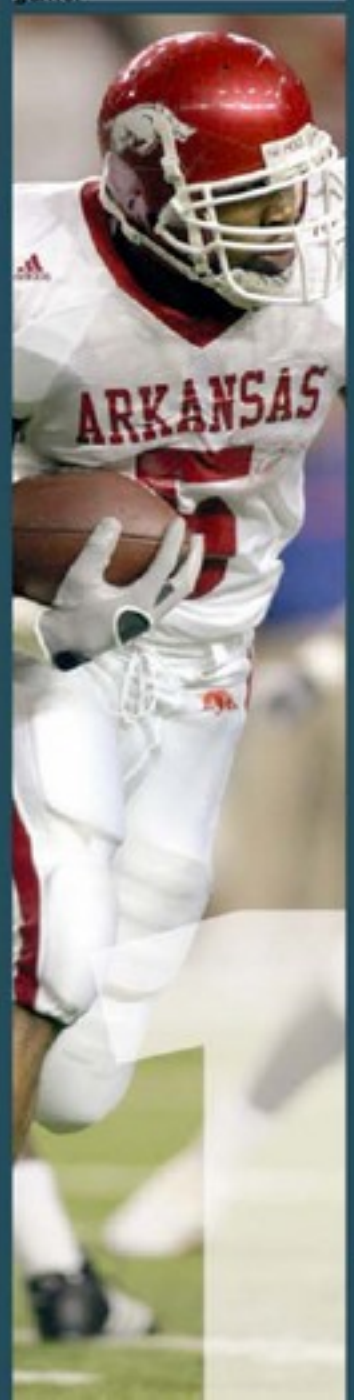
LEGEND
EVERY DAY SHOULD BE SATURDAY (FLORIDA)
THE M ZONE (MICHIGAN)
TIGER DROPPINGS (LSU)
AROUND THE OVAL (OHIO STATE)
BURNT ORANGE NATION (TEXAS)
BLUE-GRAY SKY (NOTRE DAME)

1 Who will win the Heisman?

AROUND THE OVAL
Arkansas running back Darren McFadden (right) is a pretty safe bet. We'll go with him.

TIGER DROPPINGS
West Virginia running back Steve Slaton (above) will edge out McFadden.

EVERY DAY SHOULD BE SATURDAY
McFadden *should* win it. But John David Booty will get the honor because he's in L.A., he plays for USC, and he'll date someone who is a) famous and b) six months away from a stint in rehab. It helps that he's a very good quarterback, and throwing to a pack of gifted golden-god recruits.



2 Which two teams will play for the BCS title?

EVERY DAY SHOULD BE SATURDAY
We will happily deny ever making this prediction and, in fact, will contradict it several times over the next three months: Florida State and Michigan.

THE M ZONE
Obviously, one of the teams will be Florida because of the recent NCAA ruling that Florida shall henceforth play in every major college championship. They'll play Boise State, and they'll win the game because the refs will award them a bonus touchdown after Urban Meyer lobbies to everyone within earshot, saying the Gators deserve one more score due to their tougher regular-season schedule.... Oh, and we're not bitter about last year. Nope. Not bitter at all.

BURNT ORANGE NATION
Bank on the following three things happening in 2007–08: Iraq stabilizes, Britney Spears makes a monumental comeback, and Southern Cal plays Michigan in the BCS title game.

3 Last season, there was the Miami-FIU brawl, the Oregon-Oklahoma officiating debacle, and the Michigan-Florida BCS title-game controversy. What's going to get tongues wagging this year?

BURNT ORANGE NATION
This year the powder keg goes boom one more time as we wind up with three undefeated teams, and West Virginia watches the title game from a coal mine. One step closer to a playoff, baby.

BLUE-GRAY SKY
Hawaii will find a place in the BCS and ruffle some feathers. While Boise State's win last year gave an air of legitimacy to the little guys, fans will have a hard time accepting Hawaii, even if they did shed the "Rainbow" from their nickname. Their pyrotechnic offensive numbers will help, but a weak schedule and lack of footing in the ESPN hype machine will hurt their profile with the average fan.

TIGER DROPPINGS
A far superior one-loss team from the SEC (see top) will miss out on the BCS title game because of an undefeated ACC, Big East, Big 12, or Big Ten team with a joke schedule. You know, the usual.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) NED DISHMAN/GETTY IMAGES, RONALD MARTINEZ/GETTY IMAGES, CHRIS GRAYTHEN/GETTY IMAGES. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) JESSE BEALS/ICON SMI, DAVID ALLIO/ICON SMI, AP, CHRIS LIVINGSTON/ICON SMI

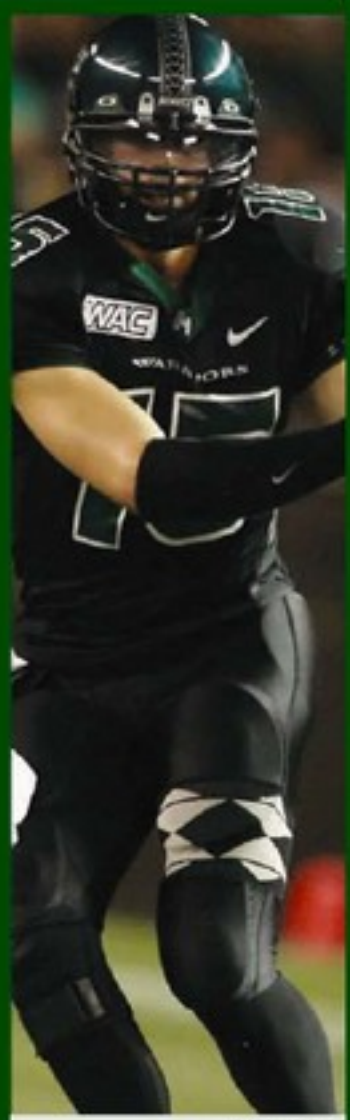
24

Under-the-Radar Stars

To inoculate you from BCS fatigue, we bring you a full slate of unsung heroes, from Appalachian State to Wyoming.

After shattering the NCAA single-season record for touchdown passes last year with 58, Hawaii quarterback Colt Brennan passed up the NFL draft for a final shot at the Heisman Trophy. This season, he's a household name. But what about Marcel Frost? How about Kendall Langford and Ezra Butler? They're all college football standouts playing in either non-BCS conferences or Division I-AA this year. But that doesn't mean they're not worthy of national attention—or that they won't be playing on Sundays in the near future. These are the 2007 *Penthouse* Under-the-Radar All-Americans:

McCLELLAN



BRENNAN

LOWERY

FERGUSON

QB: Colt Brennan, Hawaii
RB: Ian Johnson, Boise State
RB: Rodney Ferguson, New Mexico
WR: Davone Bess, Hawaii
WR: Jaret Dillard, Rice
TE: Marcel Frost, Jackson State
OL: Kory Lichtensteiger, Bowling Green
OL: Ryan Clady, Boise State
OL: Doug Legursky, Marshall
OL: Kerry Brown, Appalachian State
OL: John Greco, Toledo
DL: Jeremy Geathers, University of Nevada at Las Vegas
DL: Albert McClellan, Marshall
DL: Kendall Langford, Hampton
DL: Tommy Blake, Texas Christian
LB: Ezra Butler, Nevada
LB: Nelson Coleman, Tulsa
LB: Matt Castelo, San Jose State
S: Quintin Demps, University of Texas, El Paso
S: Sherrod Martin, Troy
CB: Dwight Lowery, San Jose State
CB: Jack Williams, Kent State
P: Billy Vinnedge, Wyoming
K: Chris Nendick, Northern Illinois

Tailgating Violations

Pregame partying is as much a part of college football tradition as marching bands, fight songs, and shady recruiting practices. Our panel of bloggers gave us their best stories.

EVERY DAY SHOULD BE SATURDAY

Last season, one of our tailgating neighbors blew us away by bringing their own team-themed, self-contained, and meticulously maintained latrine. The variety of liquids and semisolid matter capable of flying out of someone's body during 12 hours of continuous drinking and eating can be mind-boggling—especially given the lax food-preparation standards that kick in after three cocktails or so. Yet after 12 hours of combat with the limits of the human system, our neighbor's latrine was not only still standing, it was also in a nearly immaculate state. You could have eaten kebabs off the seat, it was so clean. You expected tales of public sex, nudity, and fighting? We've seen those many times. But a clean shitter on game day—after 12 hours? That makes a Bigfoot sighting look tame in comparison.

BLUE-GRAY SKY

I didn't see it personally, but the *Observer* [the Notre Dame school paper] once reported a story about a guy who was arrested for public intoxication, underage drinking, and punching a police horse.

THE M ZONE

Once, while in Columbus for the OSU-Michigan game, I saw an Ohio State fan who wasn't drunk, didn't flip me off 50 times, didn't threaten me with bodily harm, and didn't use the words *fuck, sucks,* or *whore* when referring to Michigan. Now *that,* my friends, was crazy.

BURNT ORANGE NATION

I was witness to one of the greatest moments in tailgating history when a friend of mine convinced two gorgeous coeds that the on-field success of the Longhorns was directly dependent on their willingness to make out for two minutes before the game. They needed a little encouragement from Jose Cuervo to believe it, but eventually they came around. The Longhorns did indeed win that day, but it's safe to say our tailgate was the real winner.

Primary Heat

In her bid for the presidency, could Hillary Clinton's personal diaries reveal that beneath the buttoned-up power suit is a woman who would like to mount more than just a campaign? Maybe Bill's not the only hound dog in this family.

Political satire by Teddy Wayne

June 12
Debate went as well as can be expected tonight, given that I was surrounded by seven rhetorically skilled men versed in the minutiae of foreign *and* domestic policy ... wet-panties alert! Kucinich went on a full 90-second rant about curbing the military-industrial complex. He's so cute, with that elfin grin and early-Beatles hair and righteous liberal indignation. Plus, he's got it all backed up by a litany of statistics and political theory. Too bad he'll be unceremoniously crushed by the moderate wing of the DNC machine by October. Didn't really follow the gist of his argument because Chris Dodd was standing immediately to his right. Hillary sandwich, boys?

Latest Zogby poll: 29 percent and holding steady

June 15
Hardball With Chris Matthews. Couldn't focus all show. I just know beneath that staid Beltway-journalist exterior lurks the fiery populism of a hot-blooded Latin American leftist dictator. Whispered to him after the taping, "I'll play hardball with you anytime, Chris." He said his booker would be in touch with me for a November appearance. I love it when they play hard to get.

June 18
Wonder what it would be like with J.E.... Could I be with someone prettier than me? He seems like the kind of guy who would make me do all the work. Two Americas, my ass. He's very vulnerable on the terror front, not to mention the hairstyle issue. Hmm, how to exploit? Call Carville for advice when that harpy wife of his isn't around. And coax him into role-playing that Arkansas prison warden on the phone.

July 6

Mike Gravel is ugly. But ugly sexy. I'd do him — from in front

June 21
New rotation of summer interns fresh from the Ivies—every one a buttoned-down policy wonk. Can I get a "Hells, yeah"? That's what I love about these pre-law interns: I get older, they stay the same age. Yesterday I made a Princeton junior who's focusing on health-care reform press a cold washcloth to my forehead while I had a hot flash. He hovered over me so close, I could taste his Axe body spray.

I asked what he thought about making condoms freely available on all college campuses and changing his school's mascot from the Tigers to the Cougars. He got skittish and said he had to finish stuffing some envelopes. I think he's an HMO, if you get my drift.

Losing ground in Iowa among male voters under 50. More cleavage at next photo op?

June 23
Reporter from the *Times* asked if I would consider having Obama "in a position under" me. Took a few seconds to realize he meant as VP. Wouldn't at all mind some private meetings in *my* Oval Office. Never been with a black man, unless you count Bill.

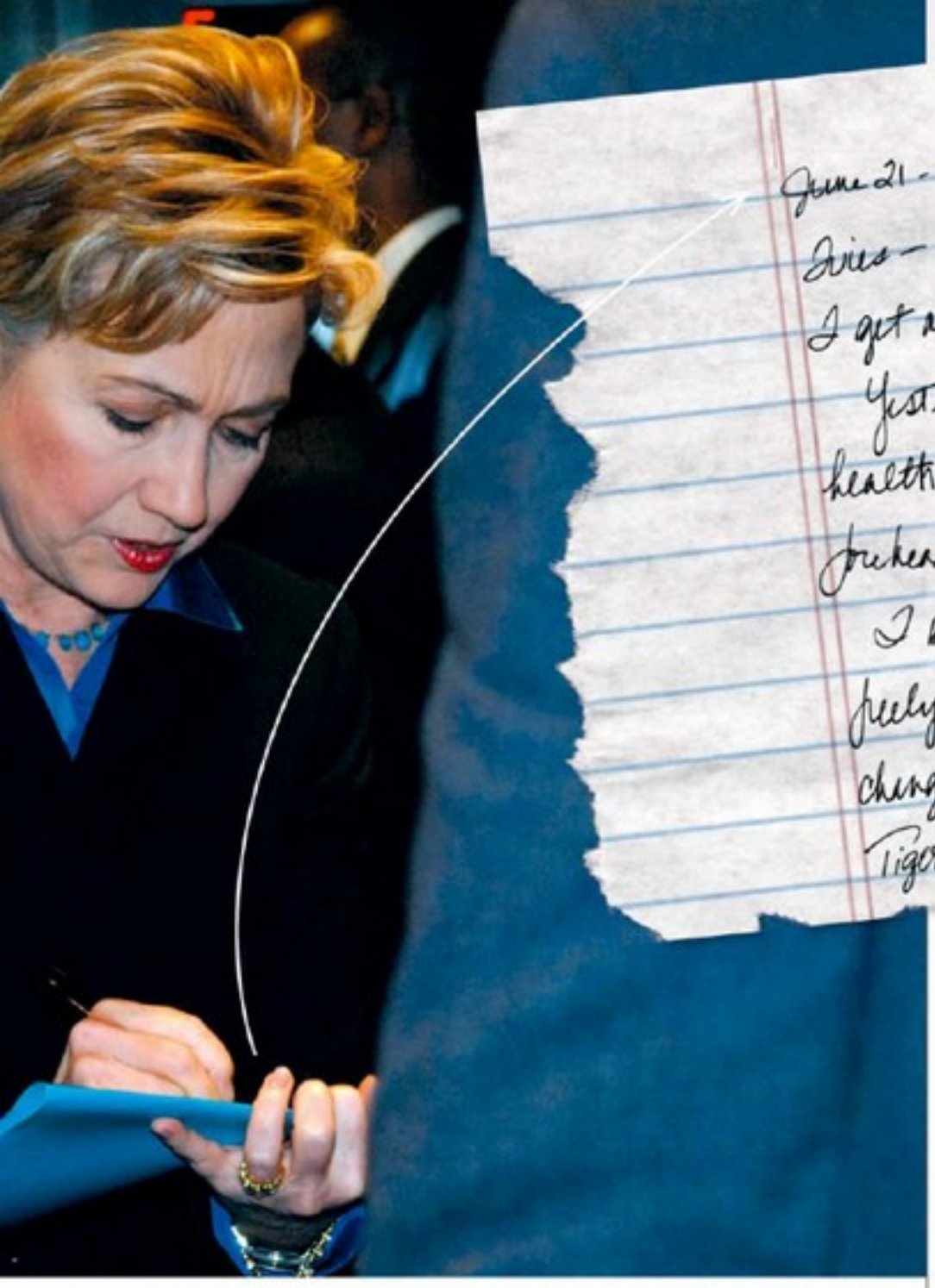
June 25
Bumped into Bill Richardson in the Capitol. Said he still wanted to get together about that 2005 education legislation we were coauthoring, and asked if I was free that night. As if, gordo. Later passed by John and a horde of his admirers in the hallway. I knew he'd be in D.C. today, so I made sure to wear my new gray pantsuit ... and he didn't even notice me. Why would he, when he could get any woman over 40 who's for a higher minimum wage and an expanded middle class? Or maybe he just *pretended* not to notice. Okay, stop obsessing, Hill—this is turning into Goldwater in '64 all over again.

June 28
Fuck: Obama
Marry: EDWARDS!!!
Kill: Biden

July 1
Mitt Romney called me "hopelessly out of touch" again today. The GOP thinks mudslinging will make me cower and run, but his words just made me angry. And horny. A monogamous Mormon Republican from Massachusetts—he's practically begging for a sexual awakening.

July 3
Met Chelsea and her new boyfriend for dinner. Works for a

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES ROBERTS/NEWSCOM



June 21 - New rotation of summer interns fresh from the Ivies — every one a buttoned-down policy wonk. Can I get a "Hells yeah"?

Yesterday I made a Princeton junior who focusing on health-care reform press a cold washcloth to my forehead while I had a hot flash.

I asked what he thought about making condoms freely available on all New Jersey college campuses and changing his school's mascot from the Tigers to the Cougars.

nonprofit, wears tapered pleated Dockers, came prepared with a list of talking points and a five-year plan for their relationship. Mama *likey!* While eating my rib-eye, fantasized about him saying, "Mrs. Rodham, are you trying to seduce me?" Invite him up to Chappaqua soon. Make sure the guest-room surveillance camera is repaired by then.

Approval rating dropping with soccer moms. Fuck them and the prudish, domesticated horse they rode in on. But start wearing more pinks and yellows.

July 8
Interview with Katie Couric. Grilled me about my Wellesley days and the fact that I was president of the Young Republicans club as a freshman. "Like most girls in college, I experimented a lot," I said, glancing at her bare, tanned legs. "And though I'm a Democrat now, I'd like to think I'm still open to *alternative* ideas, Katie." Then at the commercial break she immediately started texting her latest boy toy and giggling. Whatever—her looks are declining faster than her Nielsen ratings.

August 2
I don't know what will grow more — my RED-STATE percentages or the bulge in J.E.'s pants.

July 11
Saw Barack and Michelle on TV, smooching and cuddling post-speech. Damn her and her curves. Get off Atkins for a bit? But how to make sure it just goes to my ass and doesn't ruin the Botox? Call Kerry for advice. Get him to role-play that rugged Vietnam vet he should have been in 2004. Neck and neck with Barack. Only in the polls, unfortunately.

July 17
Went to United Auto Workers headquarters in Detroit to discuss fuel-efficiency standards and outsourcing. Hundreds of burly men smeared with engine grease—completely creamed my coveralls. Fantasized about coming back here nine years from now and filming my own eco doc, *Hillary Gets Her Oil Checked.*

July 19
Mrs. Hillary Edwards
Mrs. Hillary Rodham Edwards
Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton Edwards
Mr. John Rodham

July 28
Is Gore throwing his hat into the ring? Still using that mental image of the time he came out of a West Wing bathroom in just a towel that hardly covered those killer quads. Get him alone and ask if he invented Internet porn, too, then start surfing the "Barely Legislative Women of D.C." site.

August 2
Yes! Just got word that *People* will put me in their "50 Most Beautiful People" issue next spring! I don't know what will grow more—my red-state percentages or the bulge in J.E.'s pants. Who am I kidding? As if he'd ever notice me.

August 5
Home in Chappaqua after an exhausting Southwest swing of stumping, strategizing, and screwing ... well, two out of three ain't bad. Bill asleep on the couch, pork-rind crumbs on his chest. Told him to make me some fucking dinner. Ate undercooked chicken as he complained about being bored at home, blah, blah, blah. After dinner I tried making him go down on me, but he claimed his heart medication was giving him a headache. Climbed into the gas-powered Jacuzzi, turned on C-SPAN, saw I'd jumped ahead in the latest national poll, and, as the pundits weighed in on my suddenly strong chances of winning the nomination, started having sexual relations with the detachable showerhead.

Spent the rest of the night Googling Edwards pics. Looks like he got another pricey trim. Call MSNBC and exploit again. Then get the shorn locks from his stylist and fashion into a whip.

TEDDY WAYNE IS A FREELANCE WRITER IN ST. LOUIS. HIS STORY ABOUT AN UNDERGROUND FETISH DUNGEON IS ON PAGE 70.

IGLESIA
IVERSAL
Guy's

He was just your average wristwatch-hawking street hustler–turned–model when Guy Ritchie cast him in the 1998 thug caper *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. A pair of starring roles in the *Transporter* films launched Statham into his current status as an international A-lister, known as much for doing his own stunts as for dating some of the most beautiful women in the world. In his latest film, *War,* Statham's federal agent trades Glock blasts with a ruthless Yakuza hit man (is there any other kind?) played by Jet Li. *Penthouse* spoke with the on-screen bruiser—and tried to avoid any collateral damage.

How did your life as a con prepare you for working in Hollywood?
It's the perfect breeding. I've told some small white lies to the public to earn a living, but this town certainly has its fair amount of bullshit stuck somewhere in the middle of it. Having said that, there are some great, interesting people and some really solid people who stick to their word, and you can trust and definitely work with them in the future. There are bullshitters whether you work in a supermarket or in Hollywood. I think human nature in general tends to be full of shit.

You have homes in two tabloid hot spots, Los Angeles and London. Given your dating history and the paparazzi attention it's drawn, do you ever want to quietly slip off to Maine for a while?
The paparazzi don't come down to where I am in south London, for fear of losing their cameras or of physical violence—one of the two. It's not really a hot spot for celebs.

You got your break in Guy Ritchie movies after he spotted you modeling—so that means you must have met you-know-who. I'm talking, of course, about Lourdes and Rocco.
[*Silence*]

You've spent some time with the kids?
You're just going to go and ask me personal questions about Guy Ritchie's missus? I don't understand where you're going with this question and the relevance to the movie.

Rugged action-movie star Jason Statham got his big break from director Guy Ritchie, and if you think he's forgotten it, try making Madonna jokes with him.

By Mac Montandon

"THE PAPARAZZI DON'T COME DOWN TO WHERE I AM IN SOUTH LONDON, FOR FEAR OF LOSING THEIR CAMERAS OR OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE —ONE OF THE TWO."

I don't know how close you are, but has Madge ever asked you to join her kabbalah reading group?
It's no one's business how close we are—we're all good friends and that's as much as you bastards are going to get out of me.

The online message boards have been lit up speculating who would win a fight between you and Jet Li. I'm sure the thought has crossed your mind, so do you think you could take him?
I think the thought *hasn't* crossed my mind, so I think you'd be very presumptuous to think the thought *has* crossed my mind. Why would I want to fight someone like Jet Li? He's a great guy; why the fuck would I want a tear-up with him?

Not necessarily that you'd *want* to, but ...
Hypothetically?

Yeah, hypothetically.
You know, someone asked me that years ago and I gave him the same answer—bollocks!

Okay, no hypotheticals then.
I mean, c'mon, it's a movie. He's a martial artist. It's like saying, "Who's going to win out of Sly Stallone and Arnold?" These guys are beyond having a punch-up in the street to try and settle the score for a magazine. C'mon!

You're known for doing your own stunts. There is a serious car crash in *War*—was that you behind the wheel?
I didn't actually do the crash itself because the insurance company doesn't allow that kind of silliness to happen. Most of the speed driving—that's orchestrated, that's been thoroughly worked out with the stunt coordinator. I just jumped right into it because I've done so many driving scenes, I think it's a shame for me not to do it.

What is the most dangerous stunt you have been allowed to do?
Transporter 2, Crank, and *Transporter* stand out for me. And when I talk about *Crank,* I'm talking about the helicopter stunt [in which Statham hung from the aircraft], which I actually did for real.

Some of your dating history is well documented [*Editor's note:* Statham dated British actress Kelly Brook and Australian singer/actress Sophie Monk]. Do you realize you are giving guys with receding hairlines everywhere a false sense of hope?
[*Laughs*] Who, me and Bruce Willis?

Yeah. And speaking of, do you think you're keeping him up at night?
I doubt it—he's done far too many great films to be worried about the likes of me. I actually met him once at an Ultimate Fighting Championship fight, which was pretty cool.

Did you guys hang out?
Nah, I would love to. Always thought it would be a big buzz to meet my movie-star heroes. I met Sly Stallone once and Arnold Schwarzenegger—it's great to meet them because I grew up on their films. To actually shake the hand of one of your heroes, it's something you can write home about.

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDALL SLAVIN/CONTOUR PHOTOS

Rant: Sobriety Sucks

The 13th Step

I admitted I was powerless over alcohol—that my life had become unmanageable ... and that I might never, ever get laid again.

By Jeff N. Illustration by Peter Crowther

You probably know someone who needs to stop drinking. Maybe it's the guy who routinely pees in his closet and leaves the car on his lawn with the lights on, or wakes up in the wrong hotel room with a strange woman—while on vacation with his wife. *That* guy needs to "put the plug in the jug," as they say, and get some help and Alcoholics Anonymous is a wonderful entity that has helped countless people just like him. It opens a world of salvation to former drunks, helping them restore clarity to their lives, regain the respect of family and friends, and eliminate crippling hangovers from their lives for good. Thank God for sobriety! Too bad no one tells you that it comes hand in hand with an evil stepsister named Chastity.

When I used to drink, I got laid all the time. I wasn't always sure with whom or what, but the deed went down, and often. I used to embrace the saying, Go ugly early and avoid the rush.

During my 15 years *without* a drink, I've gone for three years at a clip without getting laid—at least not without having to sign for it afterward.

Sobriety, my friends, is hell.

Believe me, it hasn't been for lack of effort. For ten years, I cruised AA meetings with two primary purposes: (1) to meet women and (2) to work on my stand-up act in front of a captive audience. There, I said it! I'm not proud, but I'm not alone either. Sure, there are a lot of good people in those rooms effecting genuine, positive change, but there are also plenty of schemers and hidden agendas. We're all drunks, after all.

I will say, in my anemic defense, that I never hit on a newcomer (women with less than one year sober), like some opportunistic animals do. I never subscribed to the creepy things you hear from some guys at diners after the meeting, like, "Get them on their backs before they can get on their feet," or the more sinister, "Get them while they're still shaking."

I was never a pickup artist, and I found out that trying to date while coming off the hooch is an out-and-out nightmare. Your support group tells you not to go to bars. And if you do go to bars, women tend to look at you like you're a pussy for not drinking. *I mean, God, man! Put down the pom-poms and get in the game!* By the same token, you can't help but think to yourself, *What a drunk slut.*

So bars are pretty much out. What's left? Coffee shops? These are loser magnets—a quick glance explains why velvet ropes and guest lists exist. Sober dances? Do I even have to comment? Dancing without booze may as well be dancing without music. You look and feel ridiculous. As a result, no one dances—we just sit stiffly on the periphery, battling the same feelings of inadequacy that made us want to snort Wite-Out in seventh grade. But there's another barb here: AA is filled with ex-strippers, so the only people who do dance at these pathetic gatherings are luscious sex kittens who writhe like Salma Hayek in *From Dusk Till Dawn*. They're like Levitra in human form. But because they've turned over a new leaf, they're completely off-limits. It's a special kind of hell.

Then there are sober parties. You know why sober parties suck? Because there's no fucking booze! Take that marvelous social lubricant away and what do you have? Horny, angry people.

If these dry-stick options aren't enough to frustrate the newly sober guy, there are always the 12-step meetings. Most of them are coed, but this hardly helps. It means a newly sober guy has to endure 20-minute sex stories from smoking-hot recovering-alcoholic chicks who recount in detail how they blew every guy on the East Coast for coke. Biology being what it is, our hero sits there with his jaw wide open, drooling (*couldn't she share in a more general way?*), but God forbid he approach one of these babes after the meeting and ask her out. Doing so is a surefire way to get blasted with Mace by her overly protective sponsor.

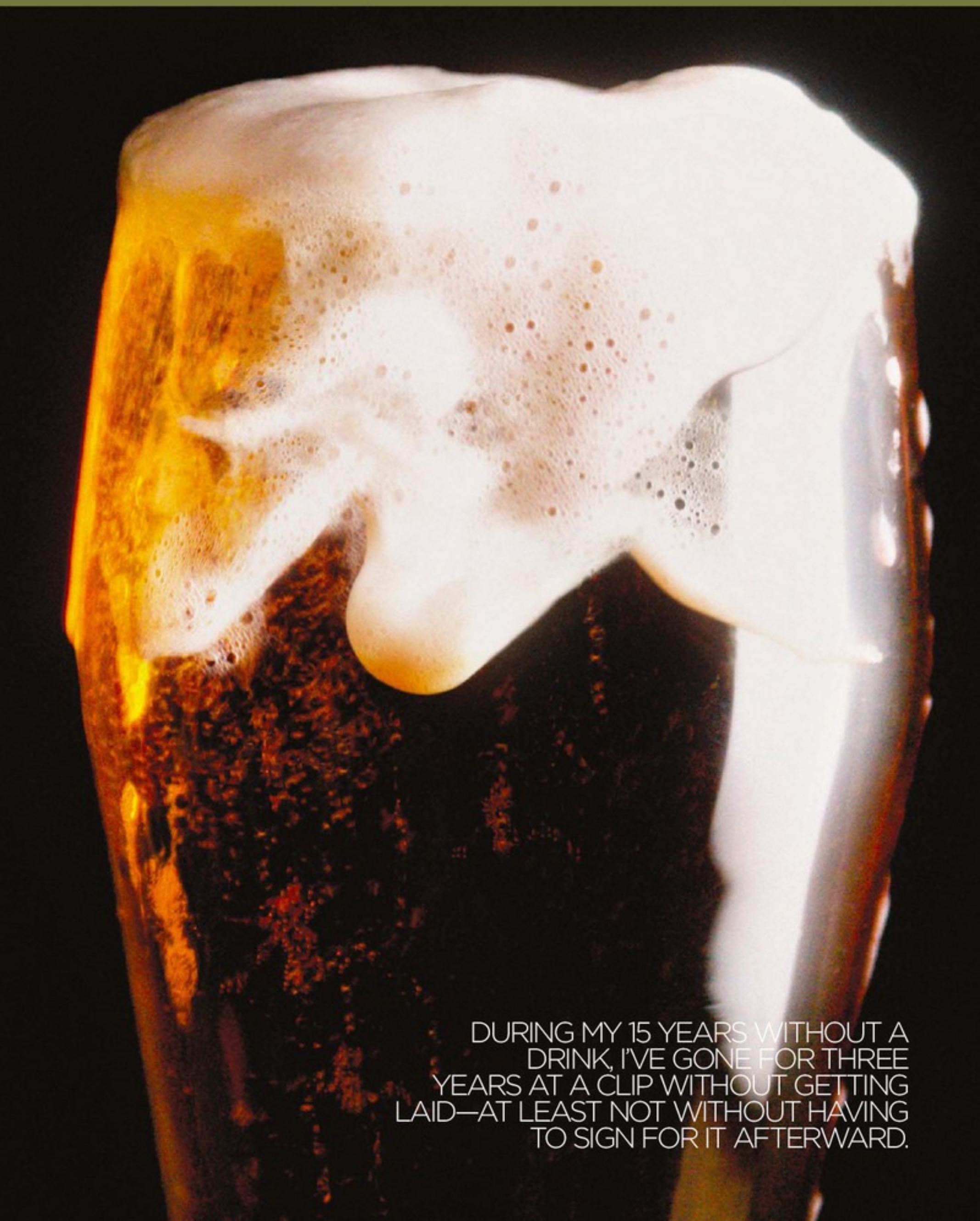
NEWLY SOBER GUY HAS TO ENDURE 20-MINUTE SEX STORIES FROM SMOKING-HOT RECOVERING-ALCOHOLIC CHICKS RECOUNTING HOW THEY BLEW EVERY GUY ON THE EAST COAST FOR COKE.

So this was my life for years—socially restricted, bar-free, go-home-early nights followed by pints of Häagen-Dazs and *Girls Gone Wild* commercials. I was starting to wonder if sobriety really was a better life. Then out of the blue came Internet dating. Hallelujah! Finally, sober people had a new outlet! They were no longer relegated to trolling meetings for dates.

Yet no sooner had this golden era dawned than it became tarnished by inconvenient reality: You meet a girl online, you hit it off, agree to go out on a date—then she finds out you don't drink and the entire date turns into her quest to discover why. I usually tried to deflect their inquiries with throwaway lines about what a hard-drinking, brass-ring-grabbing stud I was. I'd say, "When I drank it was all about the money, the cars, and the women." If you still have the first two items on that list, this might satisfy her. But more likely you'll get a blank stare that says, *Knock off the bullshit!* This will be followed by more queries.

I'd usually downshift to something like, "Well, I don't know, alcohol just started affecting my life for the worse...." But that wouldn't satisfy her either. They always want to know your rock-bottom moment, and so eventually I'd oblige: "Okay, you really want to know? I was getting a blowjob from a tranny behind a Dumpster and my pants were around my ankles when she stole my wallet and ran down the street, causing me to hobble after her screaming, 'Somebody stop her, she has my wallet!' "

If you were recently on the cover of *Forbes* magazine, she might find this story amusing. If not, you are guaranteed to be left with the check—and the cold comfort that this miserable existence beats dying in a drunken car wreck or from cirrhosis of the liver.



DURING MY 15 YEARS WITHOUT A DRINK, I'VE GONE FOR THREE YEARS AT A CLIP WITHOUT GETTING LAID—AT LEAST NOT WITHOUT HAVING TO SIGN FOR IT AFTERWARD.

spank you and good night

Sometimes you need a dark underground place where pants come down, the punishment is swift, and a certain special longing is finally satisfied. We sent Teddy Wayne to explore the fetish dungeon with those who like to lash out.

Deep in a dank subterranean room in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood, a middle-age man spanks his half-naked wife over a padded leather bench. They attract several spectators, all guys in their late thirties or older. One fondles his groin over his pants in time with the woman's whimpers. Only after the husband culminates the session with his belt, his wife's fleshy buttocks as rosy as a blushing child's cheeks, and they caress each other and kiss tenderly, do I feel I am encroaching upon an intimacy not intended for my eyes.

I am at a monthly OTK ("over-the-knee") spanking-fetish party at a place that opened in 1984 and bills itself as the longest-established BDSM (bondage, domination, submission, masochism) club in the world. My friend Jessica is with me for social support and a female perspective, though I feel guilty about enlisting her. While she waited for me outside the club in silver spandex and Barbarella boots, several men leered at her; one, in a fur-lined purple anorak and clutching a gold-tipped cane, smirked, "I know where you're going with those pants."

The club's alleyway entrance—a labyrinth of dim tunnels, walls emblazoned with Vietnam-era slogans about making peace and questioning authority—leads to a locked door and a windowed ticket booth. As I pay ($35 for men, $5 for women, though females dressed as Catholic schoolgirls get in free), a man behind us cheerfully informs me that members of TES—the Eulenspiegel Society, the world's oldest BDSM group—get a $5 discount.

"I'm David," says the man, a 35-year-old with a boyish face, a tucked-in Hawaiian shirt, and a nervous laugh, "but my friends call me David 007." An aspiring actor who has been coming to the club for a dozen years, David 007 becomes the Virgil to my Dante during my tour into this underworld of spankophiles, or *spankos*, as they're sometimes called.

Most of my expectations borrow heavily from mainstream-media depictions of sexual fetishists. It is a scene that, like most men, I've always been curious about but have been too timid and squeamish to enter. I anticipate outsize, aggressive women; cowering, Robert Crumb–like men; and, above all, an orgy of spanking: frenzied, lawless, infinitudes of pleasure.

Jessica and I sit at the bar of the Whips and Licks Café, which boasts the "best milkshake"; alcohol is not permitted—a sensible restriction. A huge mural looms behind us of a cartoonishly buxom woman chained to an erect penis with protruding horns at the tip. Medieval-looking instruments abound: leather-and-steel harnesses, a wooden chair with straps, menacing benches. Mounted televisions play spanking videos, and the room's locker-room odor grows mustier as the night progresses.

Though the owner's MySpace profile promised a bevy of nubile women in skimpy underwear, the clientele here is decidedly

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGHAM FIELD

older, heavier, and manlier. The guests, in descending order of predominance, are single men, couples, and small groups of female friends. Except for a few die-hard fetishists—a burly man in a pink tutu and platinum-blonde wig; a guy in a leather choke collar, vest, thong, and boots—the men wear casual clothes off the Kmart rack. The women's outfits range from housewife-wear to a T-shirt that reads OUCH!!! IS NOT A SAFE WORD to a couple of leather-ensconced dominatrices. Attendees catch up with one another, discuss their kids and recent movies. It resembles a Midwestern family reunion, albeit one with the black-sheep uncles and aunts your parents prefer never to discuss.

Perhaps, like David, they are simply seeking a community of like-minded individuals. And the club does resemble a regular bar, albeit with a number of critical substitutions: paddling instead of dance-floor groping, leather chokers instead of white collars, "torture" rooms instead of VIP sections, skulking loner men instead of—well, that part is consistent. So-called "vanilla" protocols apply: Everything is consensual, and strangers politely approach each other and develop a rapport before asking each other to "play." Sex is illegal, though there is some massaging of bare breasts and the occasional secluded make-out session. Spankers are not, by David's own admission, all "prime physical specimens." But for most spankers, he maintains, "It's what's inside that counts." When a woman consents to spanking, he considers it a "precious gift." He doesn't get lucky on every night out, and calls his forays to the club "$30 roulette."

The sound of palm meeting flesh soon wafts our way from other nooks and rooms of the club. I investigate, turning a corner and spotting a man spanking a woman over his knee. We briefly make eye contact, and I return to Jessica like a frightened puppy.

The psychological origins of the spanking fetish are highly debatable. For every spanko who was disciplined as a child, there is another who wasn't. The buttocks are an erogenous zone, and over-the-knee spanking can produce pleasurable friction between the genitalia and knee that the child may later associate with the act. What seems indisputable is that spanking is directly linked to notions of discipline, dominance, and submission. Most role-play operates within classic disciplinarian relationships: parent-child ("age-play"), teacher-student, master/mistress-slave. Most spankos prefer to be a "top" or a "bottom" (exceptions call themselves "switches").

David was not spanked as a child, but at 15 he read a series of erotic novels on spanking, and two years later he discovered spanking magazines that made him realize he "was not alone and there was a group out there that was interested in this." He immersed himself in the scene in his twenties.

Jessica and I ascend stairs to a loft where a woman spanks a bare-bottomed man with a wooden spatula in alternating patterns (left-right/left-right, left-left/right-right, etc.), mixing in loving rubdowns. David later explains that professional-level spanking is not as easy as it looks: "It's an art form unto itself—it has its own nuances." For hand spanking, "you want to cup your hand so it spreads out the impact and is more controlled. You don't want to create a thud impact that would leave a bruise." Some people prefer their spanking rough, stinging, and loud; others, more sensual and subdued. Wood is unforgiving on the skin, whereas leather has more flexibility, but David points out that the wielder, not the tool, controls the sensory experience. "I can take any toy in my toy bag and make it feel like snow falling on a bamboo leaf," he says. (There's a rift between spankos and full-blown S&M practitioners; the latter disdain the former as entry-level and innocuous. David disagrees, but when the club turns into an S&M party after a few hours and I watch three people delicately stroke a nude woman's body on a table with knives and steel claws, I see their point.)

THREE PEOPLE DELICATELY STROKE A NUDE WOMAN ON A TABLE WITH KNIVES AND STEEL CLAWS.

Despite the stress relief and sense of belonging the club affords him, David radiates a loneliness beyond that of a typical single male searching for a woman in a bar. He can be in a long-term relationship only with a woman who is equally invested in spanking; he has not told his best friend of 20 years about his fetish; his friendships in New York are apparently confined to other spankers. While he plays briefly with a woman, he spends much of the night roaming the club alone and entering others' conversations. He seems well liked and quite happy (he wouldn't trade his fetish for anything), but Jessica and I both sense a void that must be the flip side of fetishism: As efficiently as it gratifies a specialized erotic longing every now and then, it alienates the fetishist at all other times. It's hard to feel connected to the rest of humanity when you're considered a deviant.

I become desensitized to the spanking after an hour or two. (The only real awkwardness emerges when Jessica and I see a man who previously introduced himself to us now standing, completely nude, inside a steel cage. Do we acknowledge him as we pass by, or does he get off on being ignored? We compromise by silently nodding, and he reciprocates.) I would like to talk to some of the more attractive women about spanking, maybe even try it out as both a top and a bottom (a closet switch!). A female Dracula, strong-featured with dark hair and a black cape, catches my eye, but I'm too meek to approach her. Meanwhile, Jessica is swarmed whenever I leave her alone. At the bar, a black man in a Tiki Barber football jersey and his white friend (he of the all-leather getup) try to pick up two good-looking women. "Just do what you want to do," the leather wearer philosophizes in his Jersey accent. "No one cares. They're all busy paying their taxes." He points at his wardrobe. "You think I was always like this?" he says, to appreciative female laughter.

As the party winds down, Jessica and I leave for a party in hipster-infested Williamsburg, Brooklyn. I can't help but see the world through glasses the color of a rosy, recently spanked behind: twentysomethings in trendy outfits just as absurd as, if more socially acceptable than, leather and chains, lubricating themselves with shots of tequila, grinding on the dance floor for sexual stimulation and human contact, fetishizing and compartmentalizing themselves and one another (the fresh-faced blonde, the shaggy-haired indie rocker, the svelte Asian woman)—and a number of David 007s wandering the periphery, piggybacking on tête-à-têtes, occasionally mustering up the courage to flirt with a girl and, more often than not, being denied, all hoping to find that one special someone to play with.

Teddy Wayne is a freelance writer in St. Louis. His work has appeared in *Time*, the *New York Times*, and *McSweeney's*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGHAM FIELD

spiked with a kiss

The fiery Justine Joli says she's a big nerd with a strange love for geeky sci-fi, but watch as she gets twisted in the sheets and we think you'll agree: She may be red hot, but she's also the coolest girl we know.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"There was a time in my life when I couldn't even have sex with my shirt off. But by posing nude I've become much more comfortable with myself."

"On a flight from Puerto Vallarta, my boyfriend and I had sex in the bathroom for about 15 minutes, till other passengers started knocking on the door. When we came out, the people in line clapped and whistled."

"I usually tell people I'm a physical entertainer. It depends on the person whether I say I'm a porn star. Some people can handle it; other people are like, 'Eww!'"

"I put the *fan* in fanatic for *Harry Potter,* and I love any kind of science fiction or anime. I'm a tech geek as well—I'm kind of slick, hip, and cool when it comes to computers."

Justine Joli
Pet of the Month September 2007

Vital stats:
26 years old, 5'8"
34-24-35

Qualities you like most in yourself:
"I'm a nerd and a complete goofball."

Qualities you like most in others:
"Honesty and integrity"

Pick anyone in the past, present, or future you want to sleep with:
"Bill Gates, Bill Clinton, and Stephen Hawking.... I hope he wouldn't talk too much."

Real-life heroes:
"Maya Angelou and Bill Gates"

Pick any place on your body for an erogenous zone:
"Anywhere I'm ticklish"

Ever been in a fight?
"A girl punched me once and I threw her through a window."

Biggest risk:
"Bungee jumping naked"

Were you a wild teenager?
"There was drunken partying, smoking weed, and dancing on tables with girls and making out with them."

Who do you want to impress?
"My fans"

On any given Tuesday night, you are:
"Sitting in my apartment smoking bowl after bowl and playing *Tetris*"

Pick any band to be a groupie for:
"I would blow DJ Tiësto anywhere in the world."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF JUSTINE, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/JUSTINEJOLI.

THE BIG RIP
JUSTINE JOLI
SEPTEMBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

TH

JUSTINE JOLI
SEPTEMBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

JUSTINE JOLI
SEPTEMBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH
THE BIG RIP

JUSTINE JOLI

SEPTEMBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

DVDs

PENTHOUSE

PenthouseStore.com™

only $24.99 each

My Best Friend's Mom

Night Nurses

Out of Control

Bad Wives

Hot Pink

Flesh Fantasy

Naughty Girls

Brazilian Heat

Strange Dreams

Stiletto

Fetish Diaries

Klub Slutz

Filthy

Drive

Timeless

Bitches

Vamps

Slave to Sin

Bad 2 The Bone

The Boss

In Deep

starring:
Heather Vandeven
2007 PET of the YEAR

Sub-Urban Sex

Killer Klub Girlz

All DVDs Only

$24.99 each

FREE SHIPPING WHEN YOU BUY 3 OR MORE DVDS

YES! Please rush me the following items that I've selected.

From lingerie, to books, to toys, and dvds we have you covered with the best that Penthouse has to offer. Additional products are available at www.PenthouseStore.com and go to www.PenthouseLingerie.com for our full line of sexy outfits. To expedite your order have your credit card ready and call **1.877.702.0857**

BILLING

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Country _____

Phone ( ) _____

EMAIL

_____

SHIPPING

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Country _____

Phone ( ) _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

○ Check ○ Money Order (sorry, no C.O.D.s) **Make check or money order payable to EFFEX MEDIA**

Charge my: ○ AmEx ○ VISA ○ MasterCard ○ Discover

Acct# _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

CVV2 _____

Total cost of order _____

Sales tax (NJ add 6%) _____

S&H (Shipping & Handling)* _____

Free Shipping: Buy 3 or more DVDs

Total enclosed _____

MAIL TO:

PenthouseStore.com
c/o Effex Media
59 Lake Drive
Hightstown, NJ 08520

* Domestic - $6.95 1st item + $1.95 each additional item
International - $13.95 1st item + $2.95 each additional item

DVDs

SPRAY-ON SEX

Condom in a Can

Are you ready for an aerosol rubber?

Apparently not every scientist is preoccupied with finding a cure for cancer. Some have been hard at work creating this—the world's first spray-on condom. German company Vinico World of Condoms claims its spray-on contraceptive is more effective than the traditional roll-on models, since they don't slip and provide every wearer with a custom fit. They even come in cool colors (the blue is perfect for your girl's Papa Smurf fetish). But we're not sold on the application process, which involves inserting your penis into the device so tiny nozzles can coat you in rubber—a procedure the company likens to a car wash. Plus, we're not sure how good the sex would feel without any friction from the movement of the condom. But even if you can set aside those dilemmas, there's still the problem of storage. Ever try to fit a can of Lysol in your wallet?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK WEISS, SHOT FOR ID MAGAZINE

HOT COMMODITIES

Cars vs. Stars

We'd love to take any of these lovely ladies out for a spin.

Last spring Toyota filed suit against the owners of adult Website LexusCash.com for appropriating the trademarked name of their luxury brand. At press time, the dispute was not settled. But it turns out that Lexus Cash isn't the only adult star with a vehicle-inspired alias. We rounded up some of our other auto-inspired favorites to see how they stack up against the cars that inspired their stage names.

AVALON
VS. TOYOTA AVALON

MERCEDES ASHLEY
VS. MERCEDES-BENZ CLS

PORSCHE LYNN
VS. PORSCHE 911

PORN STAR: Avalon
AT A GLANCE: a seemingly basic stock-porn actress who outperforms expectations
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "A gorgeous blonde bombshell, Avalon is poised to become one of the more memorable females found in the fuck-film industry."—*Adam Film World*
DEBUT: *The Video Adventures of Peeping Tom 3* (1996)
STANDOUT FEATURES: all-natural 36Ds and more aliases than Frank Abagnale Jr.; 130-plus films
AWARDS: none of her own yet

CAR: Toyota Avalon
AT A GLANCE: a roomy, reliable sedan popular with the Cialis set
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "As a result [of the 2005 redesign], the Avalon wasn't just a full-size Camry variant anymore—it was truly the flagship of Toyota's car lineup."—J. D. Power and Associates
DEBUT: 1994; Georgetown, Kentucky
STANDOUT FEATURES: 3.5-liter V-6 engine; goes from zero to 60 in 6.6 seconds
AWARDS: IntelliChoice's "Best Overall Large Car Value of the Year"

PORN STAR: Mercedes Ashley
AT A GLANCE: brunette; 34D-28-32
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "Pros: Mercedes Ashley. Cons: Only one scene with Mercedes Ashley."—viewer review of *Puss in the Pen*
DEBUT: *Black Bad Girls 9* (2001)
STANDOUT FEATURES: curves in all the right places and a sex drive in fifth; 150-plus films
AWARDS: nominated for a 2004 *AVN* Award for Best Couples Sex Scene, in *Acid Dreams*

CAR: Mercedes-Benz CLS
AT A GLANCE: great acceleration, handling, ride, fit, and finish
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "The 2006 CLS is *that* little black dress at the company party. It is the enticing curve, the forbidden thought, the furtive whisper, the wispy memory that never quite goes away."—AutomotiveCenter.com
DEBUT: 2003 Frankfurt International Motor Show
STANDOUT FEATURES: 5.5- to 6.2-liter engine; 382 to 507 horsepower; standard Harman/Kardon audio system; Pre-Safe safety system
AWARDS: Autobytel Editors' Choice for Most Stylish New Car of 2006

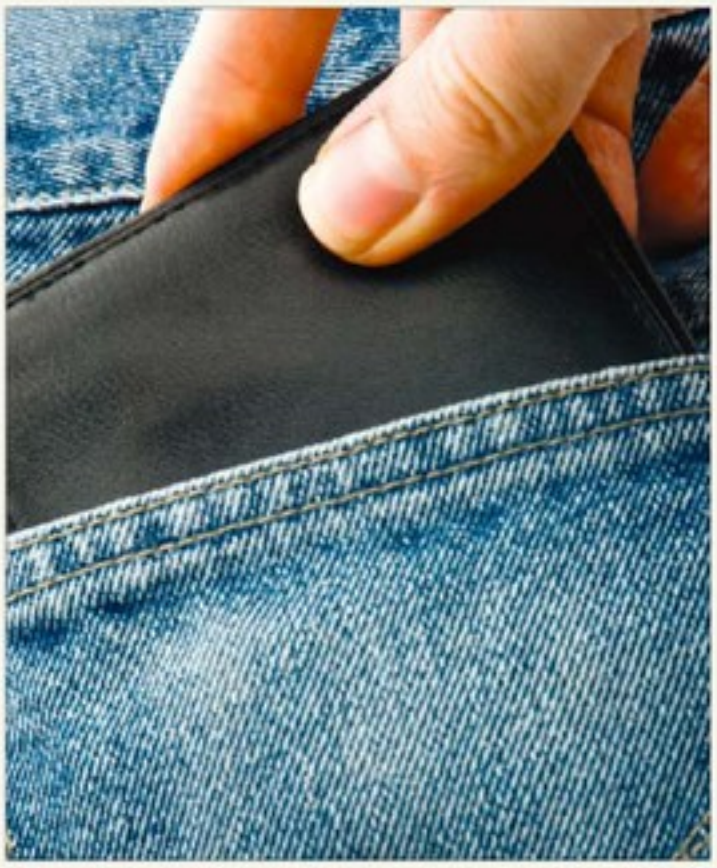
PORN STAR: Porsche Lynn
AT A GLANCE: blonde; 36C-26-36; still holds her own against the army of new pretty young things in the business
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "Porn star Porsche Lynn certainly lives up to her chosen first name—she's a lean, high-octane performer who's built for speed."—ExcaliburFilms.com
DEBUT: *Once Upon a Madonna* (1985)
STANDOUT FEATURE: no implants
AWARDS: 1994 *AVN* Award, Best Supporting Actress in a Video, for *Servin' It Up*

CAR: Porsche 911 Carrera
AT A GLANCE: seats four; manual transmission; 3.6- to 3.8-liter engine
PROFESSIONAL OPINION: "While the 911's silhouette may appear much as it did more than 40 years ago when the model was introduced, the car has undergone generational changes with annual updates."—J. D. Power and Associates
DEBUT: 1963 Frankfurt International Motor Show
STANDOUT FEATURES: It's a Porsche.
AWARDS: many first-place finishes in the Monte Carlo and Paris-Dakar rallies

PHOTOGRAPH BY (AVALON) STEPHEN HICKS

$325.14

SHE'S GOT A HOLD ON YOU



Big Love

Apparently, no one told Myra Castleberry that money can't buy love. Perhaps that's why the 200-plus-pound woman made a career out of welcoming men with open arms as they staggered out of bars late at night in upstate New York.

Known as the "Hugging Bandit," this one-woman welcome wagon would wait outside bars and clubs until a mark stumbled out. Then she'd try to talk him into having sex. If that failed—no hard feelings—she'd just give him a hug (and a little grope) and be on her way ... with his wallet.

Between 1998 and 2005, the middle-age Castleberry racked up 17 arrests, including two felony convictions, and has been suspected in dozens of pick-pocketing incidents. Many of her targets were too wasted or embarrassed to identify her afterward, but recently, after reading an account of an incident in a newspaper, one of her victims filed a report and picked her out of a photo lineup.

For now the Hugging Bandit is no longer sharing the love, except maybe with her cell mate.

DEFINITION

Jism ('ji-zəm) *n.*

According to the English Dialect Dictionary, this synonym for semen likely spurted from the word *chissom*, an eighteenth-century slang term for a shoot, sprout, or bud. But it hasn't always had a naughty connotation. In October 1842, New York's weekly paper, *Spirit of the Times*, published the first known use of the word: "His horse was knocked up the gism." Soon after, the term began referring to "spirit" or "energy." In 1899, *chism* showed up on a list of Virginian dialect words for semen.

THEY SAID IT

"I haven't done drugs for a while now. Too busy. I'd like to say work and sex have replaced drugs. But there's not been enough time off work for sex. This must change."—*pop star Lily Allen*

That's the average hourly rate we could charge for escort services, according to SexEc.com's Provider Price Predictor. (We're on the high end because we're cute and curvy.) After answering a questionnaire covering everything from height and weight to boob size (for women) or length and girth (for men), the site spits out your hourly value, a number determined by data gathered from 19,000 U.S.-based escorts. And while body type is a factor, so is geography—a male hooker with a ten-inch dick in San Francisco will fetch less per hour than a thin-waisted girl with 34D breasts in Detroit.—*Audacia Ray*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) ROB WILKINSON/ALAMY IMAGES, SPLASHNEWS

5
3

The High Life and Tragic Death of Disco D

Disco D was one of the special ones: a gifted, ambitious deejay who was spinning in titty bars in his teens and crafting beats for 50 Cent and Chamillionaire before his 25th birthday. But being one of the special ones couldn't save him from the brutal reality of the music business—or shield him from himself.

By Matt Hendrickson

David "Disco D" Shayman lived by an equation for what he called "positive pimpin'": (Pos En-Neg En)(NT)^i^2 = R. As he told a friend, this stood for "Positive Energy minus Negative Energy times Networks times Time to the power of Individuality and Ideas equals Results." And in Shayman's 26 years on earth, those results had come at a breakneck pace.

A teenage deejay prodigy from Ann Arbor, Michigan, Disco D was a pioneer of Detroit's raunchy ghetto-tech scene, putting out mix tapes and compilations and garnering national attention, including a feature in a 1998 issue of *Details* while he was a freshman at the University of Michigan. He ran his own record label out of his dorm room and, through mad skills and equally mad ambitions, quickly ascended to the top of the deejay heap in Detroit. After college, he moved to New York to make his name as a beat master, and within two years he was producing tracks for 50 Cent, Lil Wayne, Chamillionaire, and others. He had a gorgeous Brazilian fiancée, his own lavish recording studio, and a small army of admiring interns. But somehow none of this—not the success or the acclaim or the affirmation that his dreams were already coming true—was enough to keep him among the living.

Disco D exhibits his signature tongue while spinning at a house party in Ann Arbor in spring 2002. Below: Disco D deejaying at the Lunatarium in Brooklyn in March 2003.

When he spun records, Disco D had the habit of sticking out his tongue. It was a subconscious, defiant gesture from a deejay wunderkind who relished being a fish out of water. In the gritty world of urban Detroit, he was an anomaly—a nerdy Jew, a doctor's son from Ann Arbor playing thundering, ass-jiggling dance music at raves, house parties, and strip clubs for predominantly black crowds. Whenever he would drop a huge tune, the Michael Jordan–esque tongue slithered up toward his nose as if to say, "Fuck race. Black or white—I'm the best there is."

David Shayman was reborn "Disco D" after his skating buddies saw a photo of him executing a jump with his arms posed like John Travolta's in *Saturday Night Fever*). He was an exceptional in-line skater—and even toyed with the idea of going pro—but any thoughts of skating for a living came to an end in 1996, when 16-year-old David and his friend Aaron Deakins went to a rave in downtown Detroit. As techno legend Carl Craig spun in the main venue, the 10th graders wandered into a side room where Detroit deejays Gary Chandler and DJ Godfather were dropping raunchy cuts of ghetto-tech: a mixture of hip-hop, house, and techno laced with more X-rated moaning about asses and titties than a porn soundtrack. "His eyes got really big and this huge smile came across his face," Deakins recalls. "He always said ghetto-tech was the first music he could really feel."

The next day, Shayman bought a mixer and two turntables, and was soon spending hour after hour cutting and scratching and honing his newfound skills, which were aided by his ambidexterity. Shayman's parents divorced around this time, and David withdrew into music as his obsession with spinning records grew. His new living arrangements—splitting time between his mother and father—made it easier for the high school sophomore to slip away to spin late-night sets at clubs in Ann Arbor and, eventually, Detroit.

Knowing that few of the players in the Detroit music scene would take a teenage deejay seriously, Shayman toiled harder than anyone and promoted himself mercilessly. While some deejays like Chandler and Godfather took him under their wing, others were skeptical. "A lot of people in Detroit were suspicious of Dave," says Sam Valenti IV, a close friend and the owner of Ghostly International, a prominent electronic record label that Shayman helped launch. "Detroit was a city that expects you to kowtow to your elders. Here's this 17-year-old white kid blowing everyone away. He wasn't embraced by that scene."

Still, Disco D packed them in at raves and clubs and had a Wednesday-night residency at the Blind Pig in Ann Arbor. He held his first record-release party at another Ann Arbor club where a friend had imported several strippers from Detroit; Shayman's parents watched from the sidelines. He even spun at a rave on prom night while his date waited patiently in the wings.

But while his dedication to deejaying was unmatched, his desire to be a star businessman began to take hold. Shayman

PREVIOUS SPREAD: PHOTOGRAPH BY TATIANA AROCHA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM TOP) WILL CALCUTT, MIKE LEE

"DETROIT WAS A CITY THAT EXPECTS YOU TO KOWTOW TO YOUR ELDERS. HERE'S THIS 17-YEAR-OLD WHITE KID BLOWING EVERYONE AWAY."

enrolled in business school at the University of Michigan and formed his first record label, GTI Recordings. He still played gigs, often reading economics textbooks in the car before his sets. And he continued his relentless, sometimes annoying self-promotion, driving into Detroit with copies of his latest singles—such as "Dick That Bitch Down" (written when he was still a virgin)—to take to strip clubs and radio stations.

"He was really aggressive," says Valenti. "He had such a confidence. It was exciting to be around him; he was on another level. He was touching something other people in the Midwest weren't." By the time he graduated from Michigan with honors, Shayman felt that he had taken Detroit as far as he could. He was frustrated that ghetto-tech was having trouble attracting an audience outside the 313 area code and felt the scene's big players were failing to promote the sound, so he moved to New York. "He hit a ceiling in Detroit," says Valenti. "When he moved to New York, he started producing and realized that that was what he really wanted to do. None of the other ghetto-tech guys did that. He got out of the local scene and made it. He lived up to his bravado."

If there was a city made for Disco D, New York was it. Once there, he milked the child-deejay-prodigy story astutely, befriending journalists and tastemakers who were wowed by his charisma, his seemingly limitless energy and masterful networking. He spun ghetto-tech at his now-infamous Booty Bar parties held at such downtown clubs as Plant Bar and Filter 14, but soon realized that the frenetic, sped-up sound had little commercial potential. The last thing he wanted to end up doing was spinning "Ass 'n' Titties" for the same 200 people each week.

In 2003 he released his final mix CD, *Night at the Booty Bar,* then shifted his attention to his recording studio in a dingy, rat-infested basement apartment in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and started churning out beats. The goal: to be the next Timbaland. This was the era when producers became super producers—fixtures that nearly eclipsed the star power of the artists. Timbaland, Pharrell Williams, and Rodney Jerkins all used their prowess behind the board to carve out such strong reputations that their mere connection to an album lent it instant credibility and commercial buzz.

Producers like Timbaland can command mid-six figures just for a production fee, with a 50/50 split on the song's royalties on top of that. So, for example, when Justin Timberlake's "Cry Me a River" blew up, suddenly Timbaland was using $100 bills for toilet paper. But Shayman wasn't Timbaland (not yet, anyway), and the young deejay had to hustle to make it in an often brutal business, spending day after day, night after night, crafting beats for industry tastemakers. Finally, one of his tapes made it into the hands of influential deejay Cipha Sounds, who hired Shayman to work on five tracks for the 2004 debut record of R&B duo Nina Sky.

It was a break, but even by New York standards, Shayman's ultra-aggressive MO would prove problematic. Flush with the success of Nina Sky, Shayman began pressuring Cipha Sounds for more work, wearing down the producer so much that he severed his relationship with Shayman. "He pushed Cipha too hard," says Gregg DeMammos, Shayman's manager at the time. "Cipha, to his credit, moves at a very deliberate pace. And with D it was always 150 miles per hour. At times I wondered where the idle was."

Shayman's family and friends were starting to pick up on certain behavioral tics. He had always been high energy, but now the highs seemed to last longer and were more intense. His speech was high-pressure, he had an inflated sense of self, and he often goaded friends to, in DeMammos's words, "be with him or against him." Moreover, as anyone in the music industry can tell you, it's a business built on sleaze. Ask anyone in hip-hop and they'll tell you it's even worse, even more heartless and shifty.

After a particularly severe bout of mania followed by a deep depression, Shayman sought the counsel of a doctor and in late 2004 was formally diagnosed with manic depression and bipolar disorder. (Shayman's grandfather, a Holocaust survivor who also suffered from manic depression and bipolar disorder, killed himself when David was 11.) It was obvious to Shayman's friends that he was struggling to find a balance. "D was open about his mania," says Guy Licata, a music supervisor who sometimes hired Shayman. "But he rarely used it as an excuse or a crutch. He didn't want you to feel sorry for him. It was a part of his life, and he dealt with it."

Dealing with it meant using various medications, but Shayman would often stop taking them because they dampened his creativity. He turned to weed, smoking as much as an ounce a week. Shayman, who was now 25, would continue to stay up all night working on tracks, doing music for commercials and television shows to make money. But he was determined to fulfill his dream of being a big-time producer, and soon a huge break presented itself. Shayman's publicist had slipped a tape of his beats to a friend of 50 Cent's who signed Shayman to produce "Ski Mask Way," a standout track on the star's multiplatinum 2005 album *The Massacre*. This was it: the break he had ached for. But what should have been a springboard into the upper echelons of producing turned out to be the beginning of his downward spiral.

For his work on the 50 Cent track, Shayman received a production advance of $4,250; though the album would sell more than nine million copies, that was the only money he would ever see.

Shayman's track included a sample of the O'Jays' "What Am

I Waiting For," and its use is at the center of a three-year-old dispute. 50 Cent's attorney, Theodore Sedlmayr, says they were unaware of the sample use when Shayman submitted the track. Ordinarily, a producer and songwriter split royalties 50/50 on each track, but because Shayman used the sample, Sedlmayer maintains that the O'Jays' cut of the profits (which is estimated to be in the six figures) should come from Shayman's portion of the royalties. Shayman's position is that the O'Jays' royalties should come from both his and 50's earnings, giving them 25 percent each, with the O'Jays receiving the remaining 50 percent. Sedlmayr says that will never happen. "50's lyrics are original, Disco D's music was not," he says. "The only producers we would ever agree to split the sample royalty rate with are Dr. Dre or Eminem. And no disrespect to Disco D, but he was no Dr. Dre."

Shayman's manager, Jim Welch, says the 50 Cent camp was fully aware that the song's instrumental part contained the O'Jays sample. "That's why they loved the track," says Welch. "We were up front with everything, and now they don't want to pay." Welch estimates that Shayman is owed in the mid-six figures for his work on "Ski Mask Way"—cash that would have come in handy, as Shayman had moved into a much better apartment and begun spending the funds he thought he was owed but had not yet been paid. The debts were starting to mount.

Trying to get paid was an exercise in futility and a source of enormous stress for Shayman. It was a crushing blow, his first taste of the big time: big-time lawyers and big-time hassles. Friends recall hearing Shayman screaming into his cellphone, pleading with his attorney to work out a deal. "Getting stiffed by 50 definitely hit him hard," says Valenti. "He was getting his dream, but at a cost. He had to go through so much bullshit to get to that point."

With the 50 Cent mess gnawing at him, Shayman's focus turned south. He went to Brazil to deejay and met Luciana Vendramini, an actress and former model, at a party. Given his minor celebrity status, Shayman had no trouble getting girls (he once boasted to Valenti that he had slept with more than 100 girls by the time he was 19), but this one was different. His voracious sexual appetite was replaced by an almost puppy-like devotion to his new girlfriend. "Most of you are probably wondering what happened to me," he wrote in an e-mail to friends. "Others of you are hearing rumors of a goddess from the Amazon who has kidnapped me.... Well, the rumors are true and I'm the happiest I've ever been in my life." He was so smitten that he learned Portuguese on the fly just by talking to her.

Shayman began making frequent trips to Brazil, immersing himself in Brazilian hip-hop. He became obsessed with Brazilian baile funk, the raucous samba-inflected dance sounds rooted in the favelas of Rio de Janeiro. He formed the urban label Gringo Louco ("crazy white man") and engineered the rise of Braza, a supergroup combining some of the country's most prominent rappers. He also made some ill-advised business decisions, sinking thousands of dollars into importing Brazilian rolling papers.

And while friends describe Vendramini, who was now Shayman's fiancée, as "sweet" and "gorgeous," many of them qualify that with "volatile." Vendramini had had her own bouts with mental problems, even penning a book about her struggle with obsessive-compulsive disorder. She wasn't an ideal partner for Shayman, who'd been on such thin mental ice that any little thing could send him into a three-month mania, followed by a disastrous bout of despondency. "I just did not look at that relationship as one that was going to provide him with a lot of long-term stability," says David's father, James.

When David would return to New York, it was clear to those close to him that the grind of the city and the intensity of his inter-continental relationship with Vendramini was taking its toll. He'd spend a few months with her in Brazil, then a few in New York, and it became apparent to Vendramini that her boyfriend was becoming two different people. "In Brazil he was wonderful, but in New York he was so different," she says. "Work would swallow him up when we were in New York. He always told me that being a producer is so difficult. One month is perfect, next month is horrible. He was so sensitive to those changes."

Shayman was still smoking a lot of pot to calm down, but

Detroit Tech City

No city holds more sway over musical history than Detroit. Though best known for Motown and early-seventies garage punk, the Motor City's influence on electronic music is just as essential. Detroit is home to techno, and pioneers like Derrick May, Juan Atkins, and Kevin Saunderson—aka "the Belleville Three," named after the suburb where they were raised—helped integrate dance floors, raves, and loft parties.

But what they left out were the strip clubs, and that's where ghetto-tech developed its greatest appeal. Early deejays would take seminal techno tracks like Atkins' alter ego Cybotron's "Clear" and mix them with Miami bass records at blinding speeds. Mainstream hip-hop deejays like WJLB's Garry Chandler started playing ghetto-tech mixes on their late-night shows, while prominent artists such as DJ Assault (Craig De Shan Adams) would take their latest records to local titty bars. Joining Assault were DJ Godfather and, of course, Shayman—often credited with coining the name *ghetto-tech*—who brought the Detroit sound to New York through his infamous Booty Bar parties. And while ghetto-tech has not grown into the commercial success deejays like Shayman predicted, it is still some of the best party music out there. Here are three seminal records that are guaranteed to get everyone hot and bothered:

DERRICK MAY
INNOVATOR
A compilation of the techno god's finest work, including two versions of the hands-in-the-air anthem "Strings of Life," possibly the greatest piece of vinyl Detroit has ever produced.

DJ ASSAULT
OFF THE CHAIN FOR THE Y2K
An absolutely insane collection of 83 songs on one CD that confirms why Assault was the king of the scene. Included are his best-known anthems, "Ass 'n' Titties" and "The Energy Flash/Freaks."

DISCO D
A NIGHT AT THE BOOTY BAR
Save for DJ Assault, no one had mixing chops like Disco D. Here he blends some of the genre's best-known tracks (there's "Ass 'n' Titties" again!) with his own slabs of raunch, like "Fuck Me on the Dance Floor" and "Keys to the Whip."

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) GLEN ALLISON/GETTY IMAGES

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CALCUTT

HE ACCUMULATED $100,000 IN DEBT WHILE HE WAITED FOR A SETTLEMENT. HE WENT BACK ON HIS MEDICATION, EVEN THOUGH IT LEFT HIM IN CREATIVE DARKNESS.

the marijuana would intensify his bipolarity. He would regularly berate his interns at the studio, humiliating them in front of one another and making them scrub the toilets with toothbrushes. He announced to friends that he wanted to build a co-op farm in Jamaica. He was convinced that he was able to bend spoons with his mind, and began an e-mail correspondence with paranormalist Uri Geller. "It's comical on the surface," says his father, "but then you realize how disturbing it really is. I'm thinking, what is going *on*?"

At that point, Shayman was spending much more money than he was taking in. His studio was tricked out with the latest equipment: multiple computers, mixers, and a 42-inch plasma television. He was producing and doing remixes for Chamillionaire, Lil Wayne, and Trick Daddy, but he was relying on commercial and ring-tone work for most of his cash. He needed that next big thing. And he thought he found it in, of all people, Kevin Federline.

Shayman spent a month with K-Fed in California and gave him some of his best Brazilian-flavored beats, still dripping with the street grime of his glory days in Detroit. "He was so high energy all the time," Federline says. As the world's attention focused on Federline and his new bride, Britney Spears, K-Fed and his producer retreated to the couple's opulent home studio in their Malibu mansion. Shayman told friends that he and K-Fed would smoke pot constantly, raising the ire of Spears, who demanded that her bodyguards thwart local dealers from making their regular rounds. When called for comment, Federline said, "Dave was smoking a lot. I wasn't doing it much."

Critics and friends slammed him for working with K-Fed, but Shayman saw it as an opportunity. "He was never too cool for something; he saw it as a chance to make some good music," says Valenti. "He was really invested." Shayman ended up producing five songs for Federline, including the single "PopoZao," but in the end, Federline didn't use any of them on his album—another blow to Shayman. "He was disappointed, but I just went in a different direction," Federline says.

The album was a commercial bomb, but by now, Shayman's personal problems were bigger than "PopoZao." He felt his life was crumbling. After months of tumult, he and Vendramini called it quits. While part of Shayman realized that it was inevitable, friends say he was devastated. Mindful that he had tried to commit suicide at least once before, friends were especially freaked out when Shayman would make comments like, "I think I'll jump out the window."

"We talked about his mental illness a lot," says Valenti. "I urged him to go to the hospital; he never did." But it wasn't like he was staying in bed. Instead, he threw himself into his work. "He would be working for like 18 hours straight, constantly tweaking his beats," says DJ Annalyze, a close friend who checked on Shayman frequently. "I literally would have to drag him outside to go get something to eat or go to a movie."

Shayman was astute enough about his illness to know that if he dwelled on the negative, it meant a rapid downward spiral into the black hole of depression. One of his mottoes was Hustle harder, and he *was* hustling. Despite monkeying around with different medications and seeing doctors and therapists, Shayman began to contemplate a change in direction. "The thing about D," says Licata, "is that he always had a plan. He knew there would be rough patches." In the last few months of 2006, it became apparent that things in New York were not getting any better. Shayman had maxed out several credit cards, accumulating almost $100,000 in debt while he waited for a settlement from the 50 Cent track. He went back on his medication, even though it left him languishing in creative darkness.

At last, Shayman was beginning to sense a crushing defeat. He was a wunderkind, someone who had ventured from home and struck gold in the big city. But here he was, broke, heartbroken, beaten down by the music business, and unsure of where to turn. For someone as driven and focused as D, defeat was completely foreign territory. He and his father began having long conversations about Shayman living in New York. James Shayman was pushing his son to leave New York and find a stable, more traditional job in the entertainment industry. His son agreed, and by the end of the year, he—and his dreams—packed up and left New York, bitter, broke, and defeated.

While his family and friends felt that life in New York was exacerbating his mania and bipolar disorder, some wonder if his decision to leave was a mistake. Though he seemed excited about the future—working with new rappers and planning a tour of his own—he was still struggling with his medication. Because he was living with his mother in Washington, D.C., he stopped smoking weed and likely was experiencing side effects, such as anxiety and sleeplessness. "When I went to his apartment with him for the last time, it was empty," Licata says. "And there was such a darkness around him."

And yet, there were indications that Shayman was on the rebound. He was eating well, exercising regularly; he *seemed* markedly better. He planned on staying with his mother for six months or so, enough time to regain his footing financially and emotionally. Things finally were looking up. Then on January 23, 2007, Shayman hanged himself in his mother's home.

Everyone who knew Disco D agrees he was a force of nature—a gifted, driven figure capable of pissing off friends one moment and turning on the charm the next. He hustled faster, stronger, and harder than most, and lived and died reciting his own positive-pimpin' equation. "You can use this for anything: love, work, investments," Shayman always said. "Apply it to any scenario; it's positive pimpin', and it works." Though the words live on, they didn't work for him. "He was such a kid, a kid with a dream who was so pure and magical," says Vendramini. "And he tried so hard to fix everything and make it better, but he just couldn't."

Matt Hendrickson writes for *Details* and *USA Weekend,* and is an instructor at the University of Missouri School of Journalism.

Twenty-year-old Lena Nicole is a true California blonde who gets off on hang gliding, skydiving, wakeboarding, and motocross. We dropped the fearless daredevil into the deep end and watched her rise like cream to the top.

Photographs by Brigham Field

surface tension

"I love modeling, especially when I get to enjoy such amazingly luxurious places. I love being naked and being around a bunch of gorgeous naked girls."

Lena

"When I have free time, I enjoy lying out in the sun and just being outdoors, but I'm not really into ordinary sports. Sex is my favorite way to work up a sweat."

Lena

"A guy who can't eat pussy is the wrong guy for me. And if he's not willing to try something different or get a little dirty, well ... that's just lame."

"I plan on living happily ever after someday, and I'll be faithful to the right man when I meet him. I'll get on top and show him exactly what I want."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF LENA, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/LENANICOLE.

The fake book Vol. VI

How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything. This month: entertaining

By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah
Photograph by Nick Ferrari

There is only one rule to remember when entertaining in an adult situation: If it seemed like a great idea in college, it is now a horrible idea. This sentiment includes, but is not limited to, funneling beers, tapping kegs, and taking midterms. Instead, just try standing or sitting around and talking. Don't worry, people will still be drinking continuously, so there's no diminished chance that you'll have someone spend the night. However, you don't have to take off your shirt and refer to yourself as "the Omega Stud" to make this happen anymore; some witty banter will work much better.

Don't be intimidated by having guests over. Inviting people into your home shows that you're confident enough in your culinary and hosting abilities to take on a challenge, and people will generally be happy with free booze and snacks, no matter how they taste. Unless you give them all food poisoning. Luckily, we've covered that, too.

COOKING FOR GUESTS

The easiest way to impress guests, especially girls, is by being able to cook. At this point you're probably saying, "But wait a minute ... I can't cook anything more complicated than Pop-Tarts, and the ones with icing are still too tricky for me." To which we say, "Of course you can't." It doesn't matter. Unless they've been to culinary school, almost all young men are terrible cooks. Girls will still give you points if you cook for them. Part of the points are for effort, and if you do it confidently, girls won't be able to tell you have no idea what you're doing. Have you looked at the crap they eat? Protein bars, limp salads, skinless chicken breasts ... You don't have to be that smug bastard Wolfgang Puck to win over a girl through cooking. With the right attitude and easy recipes, you can fake your way through the kitchen and straight into the bedroom.

Prints Not to Hang in Your Home

1. "Starry Night"
2. "Dogs Playing Poker"
3. "Dogs Looking at 'Starry Night'"
4. "'Starry Night' Playing Poker"
5. "*Reservoir Dogs* (Playing Poker)"

REFILLING LIQUOR BOTTLES

You may think good parties are merely about finger foods, mood lighting, and playlists. However, no amount of chicken satay or *Pure 80's Volume 12* will compensate for cheap liquor. As such, you should only serve the finest top-shelf liquors at your parties.

This doesn't have to be as expensive as it sounds. People's palates aren't as tuned to tiny differences among spirits as they'd like to think. They assume Ketel One is a delicious vodka because it comes in a nice bottle and is expensive, but they don't notice a difference in its taste. As such, what you really need are the *bottles* of these liquors. Find empty bottles somewhere, perhaps by buying an initial bottle of the good stuff as a fixed-cost capital investment. Then, when you have parties, just buy whatever crap they're selling in plastic handles at the liquor store and refill your top-shelf bottles with it.

Caloric
SELF CLEAN OVEN
OVEN LIGHT
OFF
CLEAN
BAKE
CLEAN

Quick tip

champagne vs. sparkling wine

Although the terms are used interchangeably by most people, "champagne" is really only made in the Champagne region of France. Anything else is sparkling wine. You should know this fact, but you should not under any circumstance share it. Everyone hates that guy who says, "Technically, this isn't really champagne." If you encounter him, tell him it's an accepted colloquialism and nobody likes a semantics snob. He'll go home and fall asleep, clutching his copy of *Wine Spectator* and sobbing.

KITCHEN GADGETS TO IMPRESS PEOPLE

Cooking is like Cartesian philosophy: Perception is reality. Even if you don't really know what you're doing, stocking your kitchen with the right gadgets can make people think you do.

- PEPPER MILL—the quickest way to look like a real cook
- BUTANE KITCHEN TORCH—Nothing's manlier than a source of fire, even if you purchased it at Williams-Sonoma.
- WHISKS—Whisks are cheap and aesthetically striking. Scientists have still not found a practical use for a whisk that doesn't involve impressing girls.
- KNIFE SHARPENER—Real cooks are anal about their knives. You've been using this gadget to sharpen your Mach 3 blades, but no one has to know that.
- CITRUS ZESTER—While using it, you can say stuff like, "Back in the day, I had to zest my own citrus."
- OMELET PAN—For whatever reason, being able to flip things in a pan impresses people.
- GREEN TABASCO—A drop or two makes almost any recipe taste better. Please note: This does not apply to applesauce.
- COPPER-BOTTOM PAN—because people, like raccoons, are impressed by shiny things. The bottoms are tough to keep shiny, but since you're not going to really cook with them, it shouldn't be too tough.
- GARLIC IN A HANGING BRAID—also useful for deterring vampires

APPRECIATING APRONS

You may think they're feminine, but wearing an apron is far better than having flour all over your shirt when your guests arrive. Shell out a few bucks for a decent apron, but make sure it's fairly plain. Anything with a slogan like "Kiss the cook" will make you look like a sad suburban dad.

ONE RULE TO REMEMBER WHEN ENTERTAINING: IF IT SEEMED LIKE A GREAT IDEA IN COLLEGE, IT IS NOW A HORRIBLE IDEA. THIS INCLUDES, BUT IS NOT LIMITED TO, FUNNELING BEERS AND TAPPING KEGS.

MAGAZINES TO LEAVE SITTING AROUND

Simply having a well-furnished house or apartment isn't going to be enough to convince visitors that you're the sort of sophisticate they should admire. The easiest way to play up this facade is by planting magazines of culture, taste, and scholarly insight (i.e., those you don't actually read) around your home. Some of the best are:

THE ECONOMIST

HOW TO USE IT: It's British, so you can claim it "provides news without American bias."

POTENTIAL DOWNSIDE: British spellings will begin to seep into your skull. Nobody wants to read about the colour of labour.

THE NEW YORKER

HOW TO USE IT: The greatest pretentious magazine of all time lets you drop such gems as, "W. S. Merwin's last name may be German for 'Merlin,' but his poem in this week's issue is less than magical." Chuckle condescendingly. You're so in.

POTENTIAL DOWNSIDE: Particularly stupid visitors will point out that you don't even live in New York.

THE ATLANTIC

HOW TO USE IT: Spend three weeks getting through a 14,000-word feature on the failure of American troops to adequately dispose of Sunni insurgents in Iraq.

POTENTIAL DOWNSIDE: devoting three weeks to a single article

MCSWEENEY'S

HOW TO USE IT: Impress that girl who's individualistic and artsy in the exact same way every other hipster is individualistic and artsy.

POTENTIAL DOWNSIDE: Spending $23 on a magazine means you'll have to start spending $109 on books. It's all relative.

VARIETY

HOW TO USE IT: Nothing suggests you're in the know about the entertainment industry quite like a daily rag with unintelligible headlines.

POTENTIAL DOWNSIDE: If someone asks, you'll have no idea what the headline "Mouse House Hoofer's Spex Find New Legs on Fall Sked" means.

EXCERPTED FROM FAKING IT: HOW TO SEEM LIKE A BETTER PERSON WITHOUT ACTUALLY IMPROVING YOURSELF, *BY THE WRITERS OF COLLEGEHUMOR.COM. PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DUTTON, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN GROUP (USA), INC. COPYRIGHT © 2007 BY COLLEGEHUMOR PRESS, LLC.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KOBAL

Free 30 Day Supply *See Details Below.

Size Does Matter!

Now there is an All-Natural non-prescription pill to give you a...

Bigger, Thicker, Longer Penis!

Guaranteed Results

Get serious about having the biggest, thickest, longest penis possible. Don't waste any more time on cream, sprays or products that have not been proven. Start seeing real results today, take XOMAX now! Women will crave your new penis like never before. You don't have to wait months, weeks or even days to get the results you want. You'll start to see noticeable gains with your very first dose.

100% Money Back Guarantee

Concentrated Formula

This new highly concentrated formula makes all the difference in the world. Never before has there been an all-natural formula that works as fast and effectively as XOMAX. To increase the size of your penis, you need a solution that works. You won't find a more potent formula for growth and development of your penis –it's proven!

Xomax is Better

XOMAX was put to the test! By comparing the three leading brands of male enhancement pills to XOMAX, the results were incredible! XOMAX was found to work 10 times faster, with size increasing 3 times more than the competition. Don't waste your time and money on products that don't deliver. Get a penis women will crave and men will envy with the best super concentrated formula –XOMAX.

Maximum Potential

You'll be the envy of every man. With your new extra big hard penis, you'll be able to penetrate deeper and fill your sex partner with satisfaction she's never had before. You'll have no worries of premature ejaculation or going soft, your confidence will skyrocket with your bigger, thicker, longer penis.

- **100% Natural penis enlargement!**
- **Add inches to your penis in days!**
- **Become a SUPERSTUD!**
- **Get the big penis of your dreams**
- **You can have a SUPER penis**

Another Satisfied Customer

"Hi, my name is Mike. I want to tell you how thrilled I am with your product XOMAX. I've tried many other pills and they don't work as well as XOMAX. My wife is amazed at the difference in our love making sessions."

M.C. Los Angeles, CA

FAQ About Xomax

Q. How soon do you see results ?
A. Most men see results with their first dose and increasing results over 60 - 90 days.

Q. Are the results permanent?
A. For most men, if Xomax is taken continuously for three to four months followed by a maintenance program the results are permanent.

Q. How much growth can I realistically expect?
A. Up to 5 inches or more with a increase in width of 50%

Q. Is Xomax natural?
A. Xomax is 100% natural, safe and Doctor recommend for those looking for advanced penis enhancement, plus Xomax has no side effects.

Q. What makes Xomax the #1 natural penis enhancement formula?
A. Xomax has a highly effective proprietary blend of concentrated nutrients. These natural compounds are amazingly stimulating to the male penis. You won't find a stronger blend of nutrients in any other male enhancement product. The reason? Xomax contains extremely expensive imported ingredients and many manufacturers won't spend that kind of money. Instead, they pass off less expensive ingredients, such a Ginseng or low end forms of L-Arginine.

Q. Is Xomax guaranteed to work?
A. Xomax is 100% GUARANTEED! If you're not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within two months to receive a refund. Men now have an effective way to increase the size of their penis. Why pay for imitations that will not solve the problem? You may spend a little more on Xomax, but the results will be worth it! You often get what you pay for. So remember that the genuine ingredients in Xomax are GUARANTEED to work! Order today –the best money can buy!

Call Any Time
1-888-247-4366
Fax: **239-643-2356**
www.xomax-man.com

$29.95 Value **FREE DVD WITH PURCHASE**

Ultimate Sexual Pleasures

Mate Magnet Cologne

The Perfect Aphrodisiac

This revolutionary new men's cologne contains genuine human sex pheromones. Women will be influenced by your scent and won't be able to keep their hands off you. Using pheromones have been proven the most gorgeous women will desire to have you immediately. It's so easy to seduce women, get more dates, have more sex. *"Since I've been using MATE MAGNET, I have had several attractive women come after me. I'm very happy."* –D.H. Ohio

Sexactivator

Women have reported that they become incredibly sexually excited when they take SEXACTIVATOR. This magical wonder liquid can be taken orally, or put in any drink. Within minutes after use, your woman's desire to have sex with you will be uncontrollable. Some women say that they love when their man puts a few drops in their favorite drink without them knowing. They say that it turns them on even more.

Send coupon with payment to:
Nutritional Science Laboratories, P.O. Box 11269, Naples, FL 34101
Discreet Billing - Privacy Ensured

	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
Greatest Savings Save over $419.90 Buy 5 get 7 FREE		$299.95	
Xomax 90 Day Challenge FREE 30 Day Buy 2 Get 1 Free		$119.98	
SAVE EVEN MORE: Buy 3 get 3 free 50% off		$179.97	
1 Month Supply Xomax		$59.99	
Sexactivator - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Turns your woman wild!		$19.99	
Mate Magnet - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Instantly attract women		$19.99	
Shipping and Handling:			
Standard Delivery		$9.99	
2-3 Day Rush Delivery		$19.99	
TOTAL AMOUNT			

—CALL TOLL FREE 1-888-247-4366—

Check payment method:
❑ Check ❑ Money order ❑ Cash

Name on the card: _____
Card Number: _____
Expiration Date: _____
Name: _____
Street Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip Code: _____
Signature: _____

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

Her Happy Ending

A guy can receive an erotic massage and get off easy, but can a masseuse rub a woman in all the right ways?

By Ashley Paige Photograph by Nick Ferrari

Christina stands over my prone, nearly nude body, lightly scratching figure eights on my butt cheeks.

"Does this feel good?" she asks.

"Yes," I say. A CD player emits the soft electric guitar and bamboo flute of *Oasis Night*, and a candle exudes sweet, soporific lavender. It's a cold, rainy Sunday, but the drawn blinds in this dimly lit office block out the world. Christina reaches for the oil and asks me to turn over, and I begin to wonder if my experiment will work: Can this fortysomething woman actually get me off?

I have come to lie on Christina's massage table for several reasons—daredevil tendencies, revenge on men who failed to satisfy me, and simple curiosity—but I've also got an agenda: I want to find out if a woman, *this* woman, can disregard the source of her pleasure and just enjoy the ride. Can I be brought to a manual climax by a highly skilled stranger—you know, the way men can?

Men's happy-ending massages are almost as easy to find as cheap noodles in Chinatown, and it makes me think that women are getting shafted ... cheated ... whatever. Where can a woman go to get the same service that a man can? And can she even derive pleasure from such clinical, disconnected sex? And can this stranger even find the right spots? Or will I walk away with blue balls? I started, where all such searches inevitably do, on Craigslist.com.

"Do you offer women's massage?" I asked anybody who answered the phone from postings advertising "erotic release." My inquiries were met with awkward silences, blunt sorries, and indecipherable Chinese ... or Korean ... or something. One sassy masseuse even said she was afraid I was trying to bust a husband. "Guy leaves a card in his pocket, wife does the laundry. Happens all the time," she said.

Other Internet searches unearthed questionable men offering the service for free. One persistent guy repeatedly called my cellphone, offering to bathe me, coddle me, and give me the special treatment. "It will be very nice," he said in a strong Indian accent. "Very nice!" Obviously, the forces of supply and demand have eliminated the need for a woman to pay for play. I was definitely not into some salivating, ersatz masseur with a permanent erection and a need to cuddle afterward. I wanted a sexually uninvolved professional. I wanted a straight woman.

Eventually, I found a group that, according to the Website, offered a specialty massage just for upscale career women—like me—and promised to give me the release I deserve.

Amen, sisters.

I booked Christina (not her real name), a holistic health expert. Her picture hinted at a sensual demeanor and delicate fingers. Oh, the places they'd go!

It is pouring in Manhattan when I arrive, and my rain-soaked clothes feel heavy and cold against my skin as I sit in the waiting room, anticipating my 30 minutes with Christina. The situation is familiar. Alas, a year ago, I purchased a massage for a pioneering friend. I waited for her in the lobby. She sauntered out after her appointment, pink-faced and grinning. When I asked her about it, she giggled and said in a satisfied tone, "I need a cigarette." I want the same experience.

After a while, Christina rounds the corner wearing black slacks and a long black jacket. Her hair falls at the sides of her face, framing her big eyes, rounded nose, and overripe red lips. She is short—even in heels—and has the gait of an Oompa-Loompa. (Uh-oh, I'm getting judgmental. But I can't help thinking about whether I'll be a bad egg, like Veruca Salt.)

She leads me into an adjoining room, whisks off her coat, revealing a loose black tank top, and asks me, in a smoky Kathleen Turner huff, to strip and lie on the table. The CD's flute music begins as she stands above me, arching her back like a cat and moving her hands in the air above my body, as if casting a spell.

I WAS DEFINITELY NOT INTO A MASSEUR WITH A PERMANENT ERECTION AND A NEED TO CUDDLE AFTERWARD.

Finally the hands make contact, sending a tingle through my core. She begins gently rubbing my shoulders, pressing my tight muscles and digging under my shoulder blades. She keeps putting my arms in chicken-wing positions, then nearly pulling them out of the socket. It's awkward; but hey, my muscles are relaxing, so maybe there's something to it. Soon, she squeezes a dollop of oil on my back and smears it right up to the tan line above my butt.

"Women crave the sensual touch of another woman," she whispers.

Statistics aren't exactly available, but according to Christina and the

guy who answers the group's phone, underground women-to-women massages are becoming more popular. Five percent of Christina's clients are female. They are lawyers, doctors, businesswomen—the kind of people with high-stress jobs who can afford to shed some wallet weight. Some are part of couples that share his/hers appointments because they like to watch each other get off. "Most of the women are repeat customers," the guy said, who come (literally) about every two weeks. There are 12 to 15 regulars—a markedly higher number than the handful who made appointments a decade ago, but still a marginal element of the business. A few of them ask for a male masseur, but most prefer a woman.

Christina lacks the knot-seeking sense I had wanted, but her hands feel soothing on my skin. Maybe I *will* end up leaving with a smile and the urge to smoke. But once the erotic part commences, Christina seems like a virgin on prom night. She asks me to turn over and promptly sloshes oil on my body. Then, *after* massaging my chest, she asks, "Is it okay if I touch your breasts? Women always need to be asked permission."

She asks ahead of time if she can remove my underwear. I nod in response, then she slips them off slowly and delicately while gazing into my eyes. But I *do not* want a connection with her. This is supposed to be strictly physical for me, not some scene from *The L Word*.

"Does this feel good?" she rasps, dragging her nails up and down my thighs and twirling them in circles on my stomach. "Yes," I lie. I'm afraid to hurt her feelings—I'm as dry as the Sinai. Plus, why isn't she wearing gloves?

By the time her hands make their way down, I want to run out of the room. I'm embarrassed for her, and nowhere near capable of having an orgasm. She smears oil over my crotch—which makes it too slippery to feel friction. After ineptly toying with my clit like some acne-ridden high school boyfriend under the bleachers, she sighs and asks for direction.

Please turn into an arrogant, emotionally distant man with an alcoholic father and a large penis, I want to say. "Maybe change up the pace a little," is what comes out.

But instead of tweaking her technique, she takes my right hand in hers and languidly drags it across my thigh and into my nether regions. Then she takes a definitive step back—which basically means I am paying $130 for a strange woman to watch me masturbate. After a minute or so, I give up. *Good thing I'm expensing this,* I think. "I'm having a hard time letting go," I tell her. She says that's understandable; I should be proud of my progress in this session (as if this is therapy). Then she gently places my underwear on my stomach.

I quickly step into them and fumble with the rest of my damp clothes. I pay her and leave a $20 tip because I feel bad that she had to touch my vagina and is, perhaps, humiliated that it didn't respond.

I scurry out of the room, past the waiting-room couch, where a twentysomething man in a blue collared shirt sits erect, like a patient dog promised a treat. He's pretty hot, actually, and under different circumstances I might say hello. But in this place, I want nothing to do with him. I hate him. He has it easy. Christina will probably have him writhing with pleasure after 30 seconds. She could never do that for me. As I walk out, her final words run through my head again. "Women are just more complicated than men," she had said in pathetic consolation. She's right. Maybe I need an emotional connection. Maybe I should go back for the guy in the lobby.

Ashley Paige is a 26-year-old writer in south Florida. She often covers sex, leisure, and other indulgences.

left for debt

Everyone from Dick Cheney to MoveOn.org believes we should support the troops in Iraq. So why do we abandon them when they get home?

By Anya Kamenetz Photograph by Nick Ferrari

Chris McGurk put his life on the line for his country. In 1995, the 21-year-old volunteered for the National Guard because, he tells us, "I felt a sense of duty to serve. I come from a military family. My parents were very old-fashioned, with old-school values—honor, love of country, all that stuff."

For former Sergeant McGurk, "all that stuff" included two tours of duty in Afghanistan and Iraq with the 1-87 Infantry. It also included shrapnel that's embedded in his neck and arm from a rocket-propelled grenade near the Pakistani border. All told, McGurk spent 11 years in the military. You might imagine that America would reward and protect him once he returned. But instead, McGurk's years of service placed him in dire financial peril: working for relatively low pay, saddled with child-support payments, unable to manage debt, and living with his mother.

McGurk's story is not unique. It is, in fact, all too common. As the all-volunteer military gets increasingly stretched to a breaking point by the war in Iraq, the administration and its political enemies argue about an exit strategy and people are finally hearing about the scandals at Walter Reed Army Medical Center and elsewhere. But hardly anyone, Republican or Democrat, is speaking out about the second front of the war—the economic consequences for people who put their lives on hold to fight for their country, only to return home financially strapped and at the mercy of private charities.

McGurk had limited employment experience before the military, working as a groundskeeper and at a Burger King. After returning home to Newburgh, New York, last fall, he entered the New York City Police Academy. But battling post-traumatic stress disorder and facing a cadet's pay of only $800 a month after taxes and child support, he eventually dropped out. "The financial aspect is crushing me," he says. "When you have to choose a bill to pay every month, it doesn't work."

Today, McGurk works for an organization formed to help other military victims—Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America. Founded by former First Lieutenant Paul Rieckhoff in 2005, IAVA is the first and largest advocacy group specifically tuned to the concerns of veterans of the war on terror. It has lobbied in Washington about the Walter Reed mess and for improvements to the GI Bill. Rieckhoff, who is an infantry officer in the New York National Guard and served ten months in Iraq, says that serious financial stresses are par for the course among those facing unexpectedly long deployments. "Let's say you're single, trying to manage your school loans and a mortgage, but you can't get Internet access over there," he says. "That makes it tough to pay your credit-card bills and move your money around." For troops in harm's way, worrying about money and supporting the family back home interferes with their readiness.

One typical veteran we spoke to had a long absence from home that was the seed of both personal and financial troubles. He got married about six years ago and took out a $40,000 consolidation loan with the Pentagon Federal Credit Union. The goal was to pay off his wife's credit-card debt, since he had none of his own. They decided to roll the note for their new car into the loan—mistake No. 1; then he had the money direct-debited from his military paycheck—mistake No. 2.

MILITARY HEROES PUT THEIR LIVES ON HOLD AND TOO OFTEN SUFFER OUTRAGEOUS ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES.

"I was so wrong, I can't even tell you," he says. "My wife continued with the credit cards and there were so many arguments over that—'What are you doing? We need to save money. This is killing me.'" While he was in Iraq, his wife kept running up credit-card debt and spending money that he thought was going into their savings, shopping at Victoria's Secret and going out. "When you get married, you have a joint bank account and you trust the other person," he says. "I was earning about $50,000 a year in tax-free money—that's very tempting." He thought he had saved at least $25,000 from his pay, but he returned to find the money gone and another man living in his house.

He got divorced, but fell behind in his payments on the consolidation loan, which was his responsibility. Several years later, he's still paying off more than a thousand dollars.

Stories of financial insecurity are not unique to the military—they've become commonplace in twenty-first-century America. But, as Rieckhoff points out, money-management problems multiply when forces are overseas and families are separated. "The biggest issue is that National Guardsmen and reservists don't have any kind of a bridge mechanism if they make significantly less money on active duty," he says. "Let's say as a fireman you were earning $60,000. As a sergeant, your salary is $40,000. You've still got three kids, a mortgage, car payments. The average deployment is a year and a half— that's a hard hit to take." Much-publicized salary increases, he says, aren't enough to keep forces healthy and families strong. "You've still got active-duty people who are just above the poverty line."

And because the military's resources to help soldiers transition into civilian life are inadequate, those financial difficulties often increase after their service. "The unemployment rate for returning young veterans is three times the national average," Rieckhoff points out. Hundreds of them, he adds, many with families, are already turning up in homeless shelters.

Furthermore, rules mandating that jobs be kept open for returning service members don't always work in practice. "If you're working for a big company like JPMorgan or Home Depot, they can shoulder the financial costs," Rieckhoff says. "But what if you're at a landscaping business with four employees?" IAVA is lobbying for tax incentives for small businesses that retain and hire veterans.

One financial setback that Chris McGurk didn't have to face was losing his home, because he and his wife never bought one. "We lived in [rented] military housing—thank God," he says. Others are not so lucky. Home ownership, the American dream, is turning sour for some of those in uniform. As the subprime-mortgage bubble bursts, foreclosures on these riskier loans are hitting record numbers nationwide, and service members are far from immune. After increasing during each of the past five years, mortgage defaults in the first quarter of 2007 hit one filing for every 264 households, according to industry reports. In a herald of things to come, an April investigation by the *Fayetteville Observer* in North Carolina, home of Fort Bragg, found that about a third of foreclosure auctions in the area between 2001 and 2005 involved houses owned by active-duty or retired military personnel. Unless our nation acts soon, we could be shamed by a new wave of homeless war-on-terror vets holding cardboard signs and coffee cups.

One military wife posted a cry for help on a private charity Website called Aidpage in April: "My husband has been injured

Paul Rieckhoff after the fall of Saddam (right) and bringing the fight home to the U.S. Capitol (below). "The unemployment rate for returning young veterans is three times the national average," he points out.

10 Tips for Military Financial Readiness

1 PAY BILLS AUTOMATICALLY
Before you're called up, go online and set up your bills to be direct-debited each month from your checking account.

2 STAY AWAY FROM "CREATIVE" MORTGAGES
Shun "liar loans," zero-down, or teaser-rate mortgages with costs that rise quickly.

3 DON'T BUY MORE HOUSE THAN YOU CAN AFFORD
Housing shouldn't be more than about a quarter of your gross income. This means if you and your spouse earn a combined income of $40,000 and you have no other debt, the most you should spend on a house is about $141,000.

4 BE CAREFUL WITH DEBT CONSOLIDATION
It may simplify your financial situation to make one lower monthly payment instead of several, but it means higher interest payments in the long term. A better strategy is to call up creditors and negotiate payment plans directly.

5 DON'T COSIGN A DEBT
Making someone else's debt your own—even a spouse's or family member's—can be a mistake. If there's an underlying problem with spending, you'll end up with two ruined credit scores instead of one.

6 TRUST, BUT VERIFY
Both halves of a couple should keep an eye on expenditures—and help each other stay in line.

7 SET UP A TSP
That's a Thrift Savings Plan, similar to a 401(k) plan. Set up an automatic monthly contribution to make saving a no-brainer.

8 ASK FOR HELP
Relief organizations such as Army Emergency Relief offer no-interest loans, paid back on your schedule, to deal with unexpected problems like car repair or medical expenses.

9 DON'T PAY MORE THAN SIX PERCENT ON DEBT
The Servicemembers Civil Relief Act limits interest rates to six percent on certain debts incurred prior to military service, such as credit cards, while service members are on active duty. It is illegal to foreclose on, repossess from, issue a default judgment against, or evict active-duty personnel or their dependents.

10 TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MILITARY BENEFITS, BUT WATCH OUT FOR SCAMS
Service members, vets, or family members can save money lots of ways: Fly almost free on military transport, bank with official military credit unions, get cheap event tickets from on-base offices, shop cheaper at the commissary. Free tax-prep software and financial counseling are available on some bases. But lots of unscrupulous creeps also target the military through online and in-person marketing. Check with your commander before you scoop up a "great deal."

SOLDIERS ARE BUYING HOUSES THEY'D NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED BEING ABLE TO AFFORD.

serving in the U.S. Army. He was in a parachuting accident and now has a traumatic brain injury. Since his accident, we have struggled off and on financially and emotionally. He is currently in a hospital in Alaska while I am at home in Michigan taking care of our three children. I am alone here and while I did have a job, I was just making enough to pay for child care. In January, I was fired from my job as our son was sick and I had to call in to work to stay home with him. I do not have anyone here to help me with the kids other than day care, and they could not take him while he was sick. I have not been able to find a job since. We are in need of $970.72 in order to pay our mortgage. After all that has happened to our family, I cry just thinking that we could possibly lose our house on top of it. Please help if you can."

Army Emergency Relief is a quasi-official nonprofit relief organization that serves every branch of the military. Founded during the Second World War, it has seen a sharp increase in economic need since the war on terror began. "In 2005, we gave out $39.5 million to active and retired soldiers and their widows—that was a record," says Colonel Greg Mason, a spokesman for the organization. "In 2006, we gave out $51.8 million, also a record. We could be up to $65 or $70 million by the end of 2007." AER provides an average of $980 at a time to families with a military ID and a documented need, like a car-repair bill. Ninety percent of the money goes out in the form of interest-free loans, 95 percent of which are eventually repaid. Rent and mortgage assistance is one of the top three reasons people go to AER.

Although the volume of requests has gone up, Mason says, the basic nature of the need hasn't changed much from previous wars. The facts of life for active-duty military are similar to what they have been throughout history—low pay, frequent moves, and long family separations, all of which lead to money problems.

Almost half of active-duty personnel are under 25, making them relatively inexperienced in money management, with little or no savings. Three-fourths of those on active duty earn less than $30,000. Military divorce rates increased after the war began, often leading to financial struggles and the cost of maintaining two households. Factor in new and seductive financial instruments, like dangerous zero-down mortgages, and you have a recipe for trouble. "Soldiers are buying houses they would never have even considered being able to afford," Mason says, "and the piper doesn't have to get paid until three or four years down the road when suddenly the balloon payment comes due—$3,000." Steep sum on an enlisted man's salary. Furthermore, for more than 50 percent of married reservists, getting called up means a loss of income, making it harder to meet an existing mortgage.

A private group called USA Cares, founded in Kentucky at the beginning of the war, has distributed more than half a million dollars in mortgage assistance since January 2006, preventing 168 foreclosures by their count. But they, as well as Army Emergency Relief, agree that many service members may be too proud to ask for help, or simply aren't aware of the resources available. "I was afraid to call, afraid to hope that someone would be able to help with our home," Catherine Lopez, wife of Sergeant Hector Lopez, a wounded soldier from Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas, was quoted as saying in a USA Cares press release. "I didn't believe there was any group out there for us.... It is hard to ask for help, but for the first time, after talking with USA Cares, I was able to sleep, I knew we would be okay."

It's nice that there are folks willing to help. But this is the wealthiest nation in history, and these men and women have put their bodies on the line for all of us. What do we give them in return? Pathetic crumbs like the Servicemembers Civil Relief Act, which limits interest rates to six percent on such debt as car loans and home loans (incurred prior to military service) for active-duty personnel; and makes it illegal to foreclose on or evict active-duty soldiers or their dependents.

But even this minimal protection evaporates within 90 days of a soldier's return. And despite the fact that a version of this law has been around since 1940, lenders often claim ignorance when instituting eviction or foreclosure, and military families are frequently unaware of their rights. Soldiers or their families must apply for the interest-rate waiver in writing and include a copy of their deployment orders.

Rieckhoff and McGurk are advocating that the military institute a rigorous program of financial education and planning. Right now, Rieckhoff says, soldiers are basically dependent on guidance from their superiors. "You have the 19-year-old going to a 27-year-old sergeant saying, 'Hey, Sarge, I need help,'" he says. "Of course, the sergeant's probably trained as a machine gunner, not a financial planner."

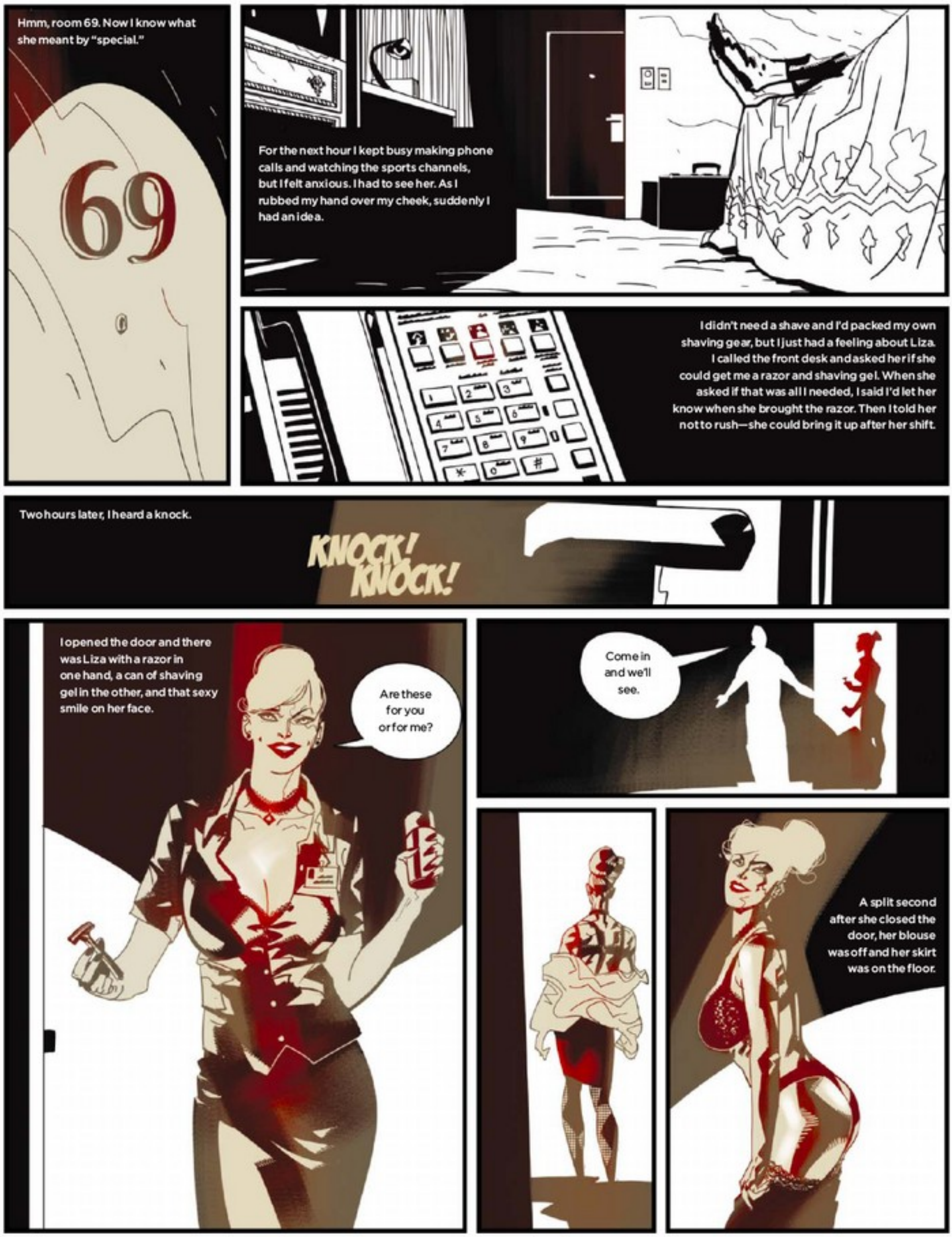
One positive development is that AER has started a pilot program that hires retired officers to teach an eight-hour financial-management class to all new soldiers called into active duty. The problem is getting eager young warriors to listen. McGurk says the financial wisdom the Army currently tries to impart—in a mandatory session held after soldiers come home—doesn't really make a dent. "Guys don't care. They're not listening, not paying attention. If you just spent the last eight months getting shot at, do you really want to sit through eight hours of classes on financial readiness? You just want to get away from the organization that got you shot at in the first place."

The author is a journalistic fellow at the Freelancers Union. Her book *Generation Debt* (Riverhead) is now in paperback, and she writes the "Generation Debt" column for Yahoo! at Finance.Yahoo.com.

Room Service

Not all motels are alike. One night in the right place can make a world of difference.

Illustrated by Kalvachev


Hmm, room 69. Now I know what she meant by "special."
69
For the next hour I kept busy making phone calls and watching the sports channels, but I felt anxious. I had to see her. As I rubbed my hand over my cheek, suddenly I had an idea.
I didn't need a shave and I'd packed my own shaving gear, but I just had a feeling about Liza. I called the front desk and asked her if she could get me a razor and shaving gel. When she asked if that was all I needed, I said I'd let her know when she brought the razor. Then I told her not to rush—she could bring it up after her shift.
Two hours later, I heard a knock.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
I opened the door and there was Liza with a razor in one hand, a can of shaving gel in the other, and that sexy smile on her face.
Are these for you or for me?
Come in and we'll see.
A split second after she closed the door, her blouse was off and her skirt was on the floor.

Liza had first-rate tits in a delicate push-up bra, and I was right behind her.

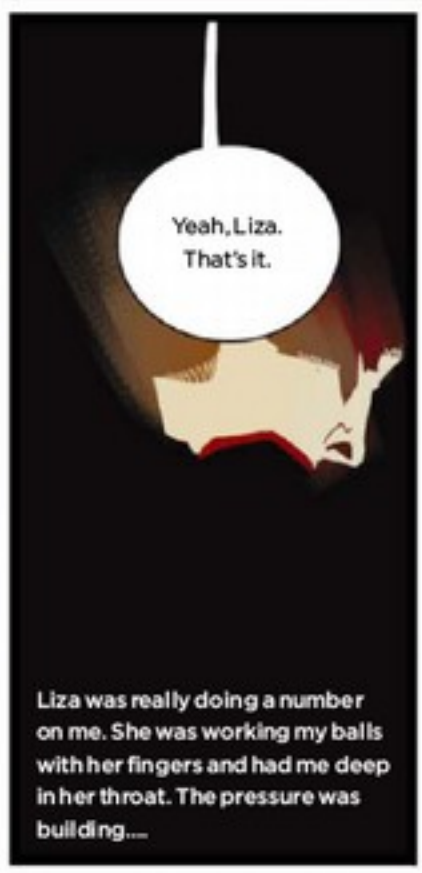
She turned to me and I kissed her.

I picked her up ...

... and laid her on the bed with her legs over the edge.

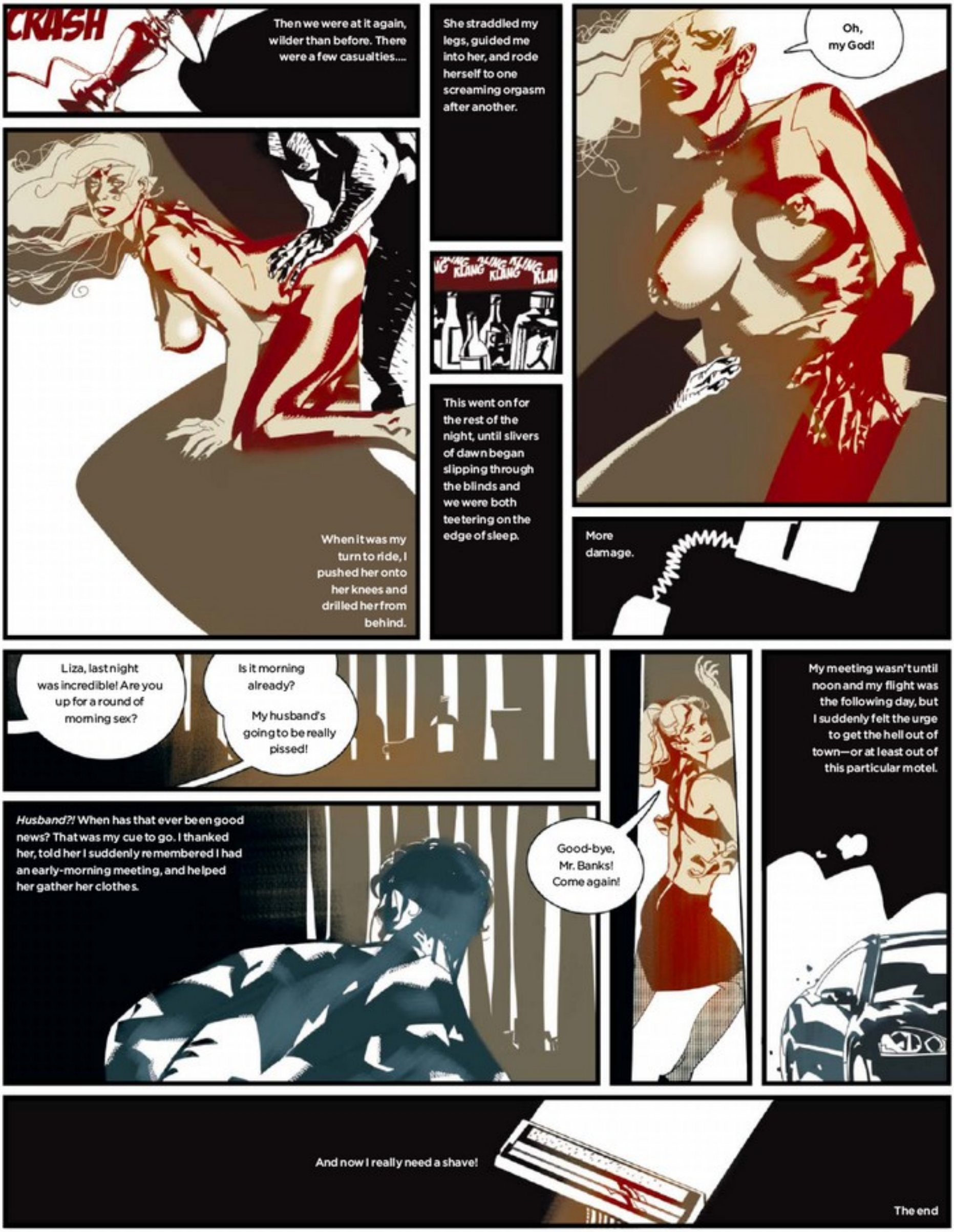
I freed her mouth from my kiss and left her on the bed moaning and writhing while I licked her already-wet pussy. Five minutes later, I had her crying out in pleasure and drumming her heels against my back.

When she stopped shaking, she said she wanted a taste of me —and I gave it to her.


Yeah, Liza. That's it.
Liza was really doing a number on me. She was working my balls with her fingers and had me deep in her throat. The pressure was building....

I couldn't hold back any longer. I finally lost it and came.

We took a break and I made sure we wouldn't be disturbed.
DO NOT DISTURB


CRASH
Then we were at it again, wilder than before. There were a few casualties....
She straddled my legs, guided me into her, and rode herself to one screaming orgasm after another.
Oh, my God!
KLANG KLANG KLAN
This went on for the rest of the night, until slivers of dawn began slipping through the blinds and we were both teetering on the edge of sleep.
When it was my turn to ride, I pushed her onto her knees and drilled her from behind.
More damage.
Liza, last night was incredible! Are you up for a round of morning sex?
Is it morning already?
My husband's going to be really pissed!
Husband?! When has that ever been good news? That was my cue to go. I thanked her, told her I suddenly remembered I had an early-morning meeting, and helped her gather her clothes.
Good-bye, Mr. Banks! Come again!
My meeting wasn't until noon and my flight was the following day, but I suddenly felt the urge to get the hell out of town—or at least out of this particular motel.
And now I really need a shave!
The end

block party

Twenty-one-year-old Nicci Campen knows how to make the numbers add up, but this beautiful British accountant also knows how to live life to the fullest.

Photographs by Mark Eilbeck

"I want to move to Miami. After growing up in England, living at the beach in a warm climate sounds great. And there's all those beautiful people, too."

Nicci

"My favorite place to vacation is Marbella, Spain. It's got gorgeous beaches and good clubs. I love to spend my nights dancing up a storm."

"I wish I could be a pop star, but I don't have the singing ability. I really want to be able to sing like Christina Aguilera."

Nicci

"I just had my first acting job, in a comedy that's due out in England next January. I'm accustomed to modeling now, and acting was a fun new challenge."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF NICCI, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/NICCICAMPEN.

"I'm pretty happy with my life right now and the way things are going. There's no one I'd rather be. Well, me but a little richer would be nice."

EXCLUSIVE LIMITED-TIME OFFER
A $148.75 VALUE - FREE!!!

GET 5 DVDs FREE!

10 HOURS OF XXX PLEASURE!!

Natural beauty Haley Paige stars... with Hillary Scott, Kelly Wells, Lexi Lamour, Brooke Haven, Mika Brown and tasty Veronica Jett in this x-rated thriller!
118 minutes.

See the hottest all-girl love-fest of the year! Starring Carmen Luvana, Austyn Moore, Vicious, Nicole Scott, Kirsten Price, Jenna Haze, Kimberly Kane, Nikki Hunter, and Julie Knight.
121 minutes.

Punk-rock cutie Brooklyn experiences sensual flashbacks that'll make your eyes pop! Also stars cutie-pie Eva Angelina, Destiny, Angela and Roxetta.
93 minutes.

These kinky girls are eager to please! Starring exotic beauty Franchezka, hard-bodied Jenaveve Jolie, busty Tiffany Taylor and more.
123 minutes.

She's got a body to die for! Agent DD7 must subdue the evil Dr. Cock by any means necessary. Starring Carmen Luvana, Nadia Styles, Roxy Jezel and more.
120 minutes.

YOU JUST PAY $14.95 S&H

Order Online at: AdamEve.com/5FREEDVDs

ALL 5 FEATURE DVDS Item # A622	FREE LIMITED-TIME OFFER! ORDER TODAY
POSTAGE & HANDLING	$14.95
RUSH PROCESSING ADD $2.00	$2.00
HOT ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION	FREE
ORDER TOTAL	

METHOD OF PAYMENT — Item # A622

☐ Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)

CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

ACCT. #

SIGNATURE

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT) I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 OR OLDER

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. PH965 CARRBORO, NC 27510

credit card customers call 800-274-0333 24/7 Ask for Dept. PH965

Adam & Eve™

adameve.com

Artificial Sweeteners

Drug companies know they can make billions of dollars if they manufacture a pill that works on women the way Pfizer's little blue wonder works on men. Unfortunately for them—and for you—it's not so simple.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MCKIBILLO

Unlike men, who can usually get off provided they can get it up, female arousal involves far more than simple blood flow to the genitals. Almost 40 percent of women, according to a 1999 study, suffer from some form of sexual dysfunction, which is defined as a lack of sexual desire, arousal, or pleasure. There are dozens of patches, pills, lotions, and sprays that address one or more of these issues, with varying degrees of success. Your girlfriend should talk to a doctor before using them, since many have not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

No one should complain that in recent years the FDA has stepped up drug-safety standards, particularly when it comes to lifestyle drugs. But the lack of FDA-approved female sexual enhancers is being criticized by some for being unfairly influenced by the self-appointed guardians of women's morals who sit on FDA advisory committees.

HORMONE HELPERS

You may be surprised to learn that women produce testosterone. More surprising, their level of testosterone production has a direct connection with their ability to achieve arousal. Even a single dose produces a significant increase in "genital sensations" and "sexual lust." But there are some serious side effects to testosterone treatments, such as acne, facial hair, deepening voice, and clitoral enlargement, so care must be taken. It may also take years for the FDA to determine long-term side effects.

LibiGel

This testosterone cream was developed by BioSante and is in final testing. LibiGel has appeared to perform as well as or better than the Intrinsa patch, which was approved for sale in Europe last year. According to LibiGel, results have shown it "significantly increased the number of satisfying sexual events by 238 percent," with minimal irritation of the application site (in contrast to the Intrinsa patch, which caused irritation in about 30 percent of test subjects).

Testosterone MDTS

A handheld applicator sprays the hormone on the skin, where it seeps into the bloodstream over a 24-hour period. Testosterone MDTS is currently in the final stage of clinical trials and it may have fewer side effects than the patch.

Estratest

Estratest is an FDA-approved pill that combines estrogen and testosterone to relieve symptoms of menopause. It has never been approved by the FDA to treat female sexual dysfunction, but it is regularly used by doctors off-label to treat women with low sexual desire. However, the estrogen in Estratest may increase the risk of endometrial and breast cancers, heart attack, stroke, and blood clots in the lungs or legs. Obviously, for menopausal women, the benefits of this drug may outweigh the risks, but for those who do not need estrogen therapy there are many less risky alternatives.

Intrinsa

This testosterone patch for women was developed by Procter & Gamble and is currently available in Europe. Intrinsa was initially created for women who have lost their sex drive following a hysterectomy, but has been shown to significantly heighten female sexual desire in other subjects as well. Although a 24-week trial indicated that there were no serious side effects, the FDA opted not to approve Intrinsa until further testing rules out any potential long-term side effects. Expect it to take several years before Intrinsa is resubmitted for FDA approval.

GETTING PHYSICAL

These products may increase sexual receptivity by upping genital blood flow and sensitivity, especially in cases where a woman has normal levels of sexual desire but struggles getting aroused. The manufacturers also claim an added benefit—more powerful orgasms.

Zestra

Zestra is the only nonprescription product shown in an FDA-quality clinical study to quickly improve women's sexual experiences and satisfaction. It is an all-natural oil that increases pleasurable sexual sensations in women within three to five minutes of being applied to the genital area. (Tests show that it's not friction causing the arousal but a patented formulation of botanical ingredients that increases genital-nerve conductivity.) It's one product I can wholeheartedly endorse, as I've tried it and it works—as long as you don't mind a slight smell of stale strawberry shortcake.

Sight or a Touch

Acupuncturists have known for years that stimulating the ankles can lead to sexual arousal, and this device uses a mild electric current to send gentle pulsing and tingling frequencies through her legs to bring her to a pre-orgasmic plateau; the rest is up to you. I tried it, and it *did* escalate my arousal, but being hooked up to a machine can take the fun out of foreplay—unless you get off on that sort of thing.

MOOD ELEVATORS

Emotion enhancers, which can make a woman more receptive to arousing foreplay, may be safer than testosterone treatments, but their effect is often less direct and more tenuous. They work by elevating levels of such substances as dopamine, which are associated with better mood and heightened libido. And while a better mood may make her hornier, she may sublimate her enlivened sex drive by shopping.

Melanotan II

This drug works by activating the melanocortin receptors in the central nervous system, giving users a deep tan without sun exposure and protecting them against sunburn and cancer. It may also help users lose weight and eradicate acne—and has been shown to increase sexual arousal. No wonder it's been called the "Barbie drug." Products made with this synthetic hormone may give Viagra a run for its money. Unlike Viagra, which improves sexual performance (but not desire) in men by increasing blood supply, Melanotan II—which can be used by men and women—targets receptors in the brain's hypothalamus, triggering genital arousal. It is currently undergoing final testing in Great Britain, and may be worth traveling to get.

Bremelanotide (formerly PT-141)

This Melanotan II–based nasal spray was developed by an American company, Palatin Technologies, and is supposed to boost a woman's libido without the tan. It is taken 30 minutes before intercourse. Preliminary studies have shown increases in both arousal and desire. The spray is about a year away from getting FDA approval.

Wellbutrin

While many antidepressants have a negative impact on sex drive, Wellbutrin has been shown to boost sex drive in preliminary studies. It has also been prescribed as a quit-smoking aid, so if you want her to be a smoke-free hottie, you

YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT WOMEN PRODUCE TESTOSTERONE. MORE SURPRISING, IT'S DIRECTLY CONNECTED TO AROUSAL.

may want to steer her toward Wellbutrin. Many argue that it is not the Wellbutrin that acts on her sex drive, but rather the feeling of being less depressed.

Scentuality

Available in Europe, South Africa, and Canada, this small transparent patch stimulates female libido by targeting smell receptors with a sensuous blend of artificial aromas whose molecules mimic the size, shape, and electrical charge of dopamine. It is worn on the inside of the arm, and she must sniff it regularly throughout the day. Since the smell of male sweat has also been found to enhance a girl's sexual desire, give her your favorite worn T-shirt. You may find this approach easier and cheaper—and you won't have to wait for FDA approval!

Flibanserin (also called Ectria)

This drug, originally developed as a fast-acting antidepressant, has shown promise as a treatment for women with decreased sexual desire. Unlike Wellbutrin, it appears to have a greater effect on libido than on mood. Like Viagra, which was originally developed to treat angina, sexual effects of flibanserin on women were discovered accidentally, and researchers are still not clear exactly how it works (it is a dopamine agonist). The company has launched four major clinical trials involving 5,000 women in 220 locations, with the goal of applying for FDA approval in 2009.

Ask Dr. Z

Pussy Farts

Sometimes when I'm screwing my girlfriend, her vagina makes a farting noise. She gets all embarrassed and uptight about it, which kind of ruins the moment. What's up with that?

This noise is known as a *queef*, and it is caused by air escaping from her vagina. When a woman is aroused, her vagina expands (known as *tenting*) to accommodate a penis. Your thrusting pushes air into the inner part of her expanded vagina. A shift in body position or a deep thrust can force out that air, resulting in the fart-like sound. There are also post-orgasmic queefs, which occur when the vagina expels air as it returns to its pre-aroused state.

If you or your girlfriend find queefs distracting, try an ounce of prevention. Don't thrust too deeply. Instead, make shallow strokes and avoid pelvis-elevated positions like doggie-style, which can increase the likelihood of queefing.

You can also try giving her a gentle tummy massage, pressing down on her lower abdomen with the palm of your hand, which will expel the air in her vagina. But most important, lighten up! Sex is more fun when it is messy, dirty, loud, and irreverent; and a little humor goes a long way. So quit trying to quiet the queef and let 'er rip!

Rag Time

My girlfriend is really horny when she is on her period. Is it cool to have sex with her? She says it grossed out her ex, but I am totally up for doing it whenever. Who wants to wait a week?

There are benefits to doing the deed during her "time of the month." Some women, like your girlfriend, experience heightened libido and reduced cramping during their period. Don't plan on this as a form of birth control, though—it is still possible to get her pregnant. There is also an increased risk for pelvic infection, since her uterine lining is being sloughed off, so you should always use a condom while she has her period.

Boy Toy

My latest girlfriend is obsessed with my penis. She wants to play with it all the time and even falls asleep holding it. I have heard that some women develop penis envy; does she have it?

I doubt it, although many women would want the privileges and opportunities that go with having a penis, like higher pay for the same job and equal parental rights with half the sacrifice. Your girlfriend probably just loves your penis and enjoys playing with it. She's likely that rare gem any man would love to steal at the first available opportunity. After all, what man doesn't want his penis worshiped?

Down Time

Some women won't let me go down on them because they're embarrassed about the way their labia look. How can I convince a woman that I am just happy to be between her legs?

Some women are self-conscious about the appearance of their vulva and think their genitals are too dark, too big, or uneven. If you tell her how beautiful you think she is and how excited her gorgeous pussy makes you—and if you show her how turned on you get giving her oral sex—she'll gradually become less self-conscious and enjoy getting it as much as you enjoy giving it.

LIGHTEN UP! SEX IS THE MOST FUN WHEN IT IS MESSY, DIRTY, LOUD, AND IRREVERENT; AND A LITTLE HUMOR GOES A LONG WAY.

GETTING TO ME!
IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, NY 10121.

X-Rated Video

By Eric Danville

PENTHOUSE *PICK*

The Violation of Chelsie Rae
(JM Productions) ⅃⅃⅃⅃⅃

Before a generation of angst-ridden teens used *Scarface* to sublimate their pent-up frustrations, their older brothers had a little movie called *A Clockwork Orange*. This lesbo take on the Stanley Kubrick classic—directed by Jim Powers with a true fan's eye for the original—finds the adorable titular blonde on the receiving end of dildos, fingers, tongues, and more. Before that, Jade Jolie is the booty—literally and figuratively—after Kimberly Kane and her dykish droogettes (Annette Schwarz, Cindy Crawford, and Ashley Blue) steal her from rival thugs. The plowing she takes from Kane's strap-on and big-dick stick is extremely sexy: The dank setting ratchets up the dirty fucking, and the oral sex is both exciting and disturbing. Later, the scene shifts to the rape of a writer's wife as Rae gets gang-banged in a long exchange that has become the calling card of this series. A knowledge of the original film is helpful (though not necessary), but if you like this cool show, pair it with Pleasure Productions' *A Clockwork Orgy*, get some high-octane dairy products, and make a night of it.

NEVER MIND THE BALL SACS

Scurvy Girls Vol. 2
(Loaded Digital) ⅃⅃⅃⅃

Writer/director Rob Rotten does alternative/underground porn better than anyone out there. If you doubt us, wrap your eyeballs around the second entry in the *Scurvy Girls* series. There isn't much plot as Rotten takes you from a dirty bathroom to a dilapidated office to an abandoned bunker, but the action is nasty, raw, and balls-to-the-wall hot. Rotten himself lays some hard stick on Logan James, and Teutonic titan Annette Schwarz does a great scene with Johnny Thrust in which she switches between dominant and submissive. The stunning Roxy DeVille turns in a ball-drainer, and you also get gratuitous violence—James's scene starts with her and her partner busting up some old TVs with a baseball bat, and Donny Long demolishes an office.

It's the Tits

Addicted to Boobs #3
(Red Light District) ⅃⅃⅃⅃

When you watch as much porn as we do, it's hard to be surprised, but the occasional appearance of real tits always catches our eye. Lucky for us, five lovelies serve up their natural mams for varying bouts of smothering and sucking, jiggling and jostling, and, of course, tit-fucking. Gorgeous Presley Maddox adds a kinky touch, showing off her nipple barbells in the shower before they get showered with something stickier than soap. The Halle Berry–esque Chavon Taylor gives up the best sex scene. The workout she gets from Alec Knight is erotic to the extreme; when she finally gets down to the fucking and sucking it'll be show over, hairy-palmed viewer. Emily George has the nicest rack, and it's soon oiled up as part of her "interview"—which also includes plenty of cocksucking and pussy-plowing. If *Addicted to Boobs* had a bit more breast play instead of pre-sex gum-flapping and ass-flashing, it would have scored some extra points. Even so, the sight of all those bouncing, flouncing titties will serve any boob lover well.

Grab it now ⅃⅃⅃⅃⅃
Hold on tight ⅃⅃⅃⅃
Pick it up ⅃⅃⅃
Worth a look ⅃⅃
Hands off ⅃

Now Available on DVD from

PENTHOUSE

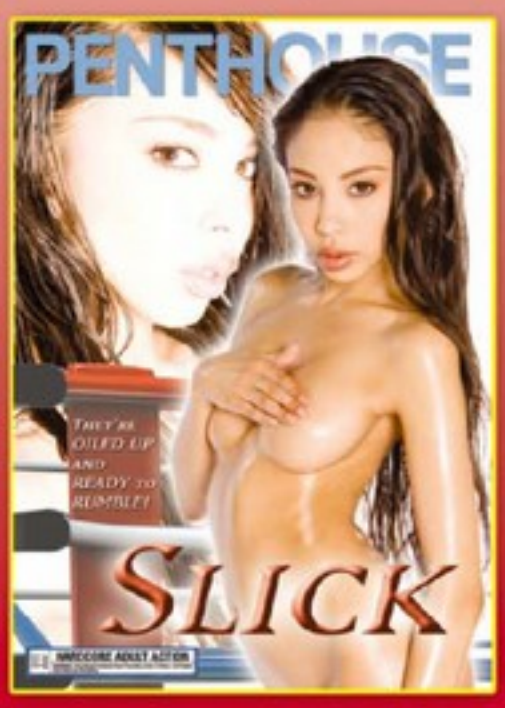
Penthouse brings your fantasies to life.

THE SEXIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

HARDCORE XXX ACTION

ONLY FROM PENTHOUSE

www.penthousestore.com



MY OFFICE OR YOURS?

My coworker Jackie and I had been flirting with each other from day one. It was innocent at first, or so we thought. Then the flirting turned into a test of wills to see who would make the first move. Jackie did.

A week ago, Jackie and I were the last two people left at the office. It was 8 P.M. and I was doing some research when she knocked on my door and popped her head in. She said she was also working late and had ordered dinner—too much for just one. It was a nice line, but I knew better.

When we took the food to the lounge, I knew we weren't just going to sample appetizers. Eating with Jackie turned out to be foreplay as we took turns feeding each other while rubbing feet under the table and pretending to talk business. I'd never had such an erotic dining experience, but dinner was over as soon as I felt Jackie's foot move up my leg and come to rest over my hard-on. That first intimate touch had me pushing my cock against her soft foot, moaning with a need that was more intense than I ever realized.

SHE PUSHED AWAY FROM THE TABLE AND WALKED OVER TOWARD THE SOFA. SHE RAISED HER SKIRT JUST ENOUGH SO I COULD SEE THAT SHE'D REMOVED HER PANTIES.

But Jackie knew. She pushed away from the table and walked over toward the sofa. She raised her skirt just enough so I could see that she'd removed her panties. I came up behind her, brushed her hair to the side, and kissed her neck. When she moaned and pushed her ass back against my dick, I reached underneath her skirt. Her pussy was silky-smooth and wet.

"Do you know how much I've wanted to touch you?" I whispered in her ear. Her response was to grind against my hand as I slid my fingers back and forth between her wet folds. I brought my fingers to her lips for her to suck while my other hand moved under her blouse to cup her breast. We were both so hot and desperate for sex that we fell onto the sofa while trying to pull off each other's clothes.

Jackie spread her legs wide for me and I leaned in to tease her clit with my tongue. When she started to squirm, I grabbed her thighs and pulled her closer to me. I sucked and licked Jackie's pussy until she was humping my face and her body shook with orgasmic tremors.

She looked at me and pulled me up for a kiss. Jackie's tongue snaked around mine as we finally kissed for the first time. I was lost in her lush lips when I felt Jackie's hand on my cock, stroking me and then trying to put me inside her.

"Let's do this, Tony," she said.

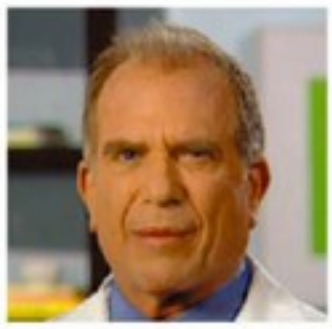
With Jackie guiding me, I pushed forward until I was fully inside her. Her hips immediately began a steady grind against my pelvis and I could feel her muscles massaging my cock. I was enjoying the sensation, but then Jackie said, "Fuck me good, Tony. Fuck me hard!"

With her legs wrapped around my waist, I held her tight and began fucking her hard and deep. I felt like I could go on forever as Jackie screamed for more. I don't know how long we were slamming against each other, but suddenly I felt the pressure

Advertisement

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?



Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

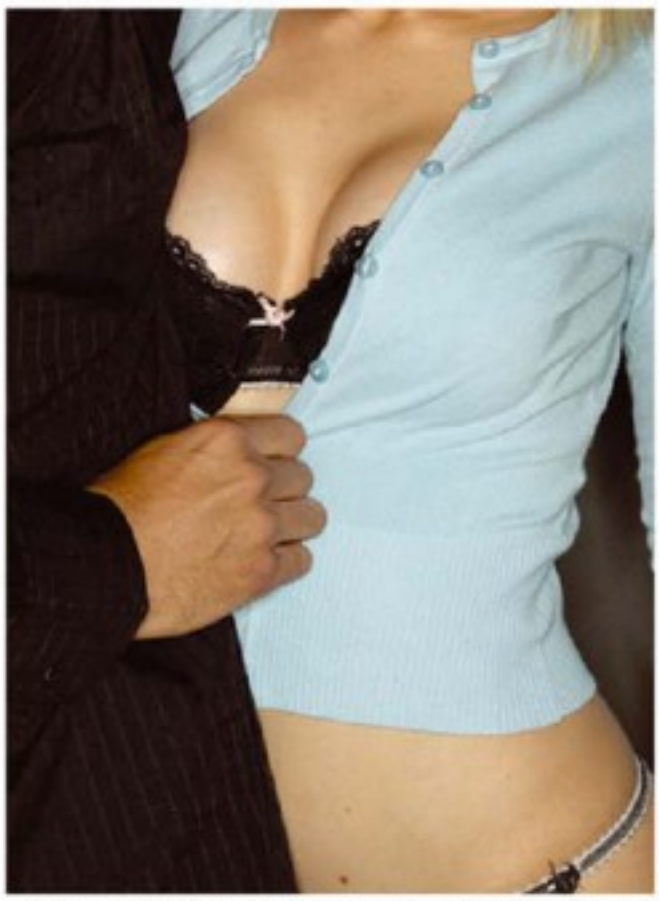
My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacomole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain.

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

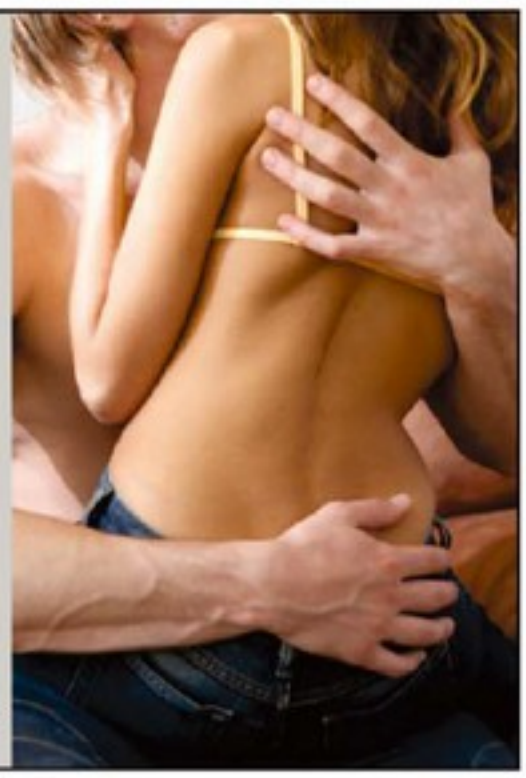
FREE week supply

Just pay for the postage stamp.

800-630-3931

www.ExtenZeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. ExtenZe is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



building in my balls. I knew I was going to come and I wanted Jackie to come at the same time.

"Come with me, Jackie," I said against her ear.

"Oh, God!" Jackie wailed as she tightened her grip on my ass and held me to her while I pumped my full load into her love box.

When I felt her shift under me, I propped up my weight on my forearms and kissed her softly. We stayed there talking and touching for a while, neither of us wanting to leave. But eventually we got dressed. I couldn't invite her to my place because I live in a studio apartment and had a college friend staying with me. Jackie's situation was similar to mine, so we planned for dinner and a movie on Saturday.

We had a great time on our date, and throughout the workweek it was back to flirting and touching when no one was looking. And forget about the lounge—whenever I go get coffee, I get a woody just looking at the sofa!—*T.M., Indiana*

PILLOW TALK

My college roommate Pam and I knew each other so well, there wasn't anything we didn't talk about—or so I thought. One night while drinking and recounting our latest dating disasters, Pam asked if I had ever thought about hooking up with a woman. For a split second, I wondered if she'd discovered that I'd had some vivid dreams about having sex with her. I'd always thought she was attractive with her long dark hair and hazel eyes, but lately I'd started to fantasize about her when I was awake—about how it would feel to kiss her. But Pam was my best friend, so however explicit my dreams had gotten, I didn't want to risk ending our friendship.

Once I'd vanquished all the naughty sapphic thoughts from my mind, I noticed she was staring at me. I realized I hadn't answered her question. "Funny you should ask," I said. "Actually, there is someone in particular I've been thinking about."

Before I could explain further, Pam surprised me again by kissing me. Her lips were soft on mine, but I froze. She kept kissing me and began to gently stroke my face. I moaned and started kissing her back while trying to get my head around the fact that Pam had initiated this. I was more than willing to let her take the lead, but in my dreams I was always the one to get things started.

Suddenly I felt flushed. My pussy began to pulsate and things didn't seem to be happening fast enough for my body. Sensing my growing need for more physical contact, Pam began to undress me. When she finished, I eagerly returned the favor. We stood and embraced each other fully—lips to lips, breasts to breasts. Pam kissed my neck at just the right spot. After all the dirt we'd shared about wrong moves and bad dates, it was only natural that we knew the right moves to make with each other.

My legs felt weak as we rubbed against each other. Our bodies were hotter than molten lava, so we grabbed pillows and moved to the floor. Pam ran her hands down my stomach before slowly parting my legs. Quivering with anticipation and repressed desire, I watched as she trailed her tongue along my inner thighs. She paused when she reached

PAM KISSED MY NECK AT JUST THE RIGHT SPOT. AFTER ALL THE DIRT WE'D SHARED ABOUT WRONG MOVES AND BAD DATES, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT WE KNEW THE RIGHT MOVES TO MAKE WITH EACH OTHER.

my clit and began teasing me with featherlight flicks.

With my pussy aching for attention, I pushed my hips toward her mouth and cried out for her to taste me. The first lick was long and slow—then she got down to business. Pam knew I liked to be tongue-fucked more than anything, and she didn't hesitate to drill her tongue into me. I cried out, arched my hips, and started coming hard and fast. She kept licking me long after I'd finished riding that incredible orgasm and was trembling with aftershocks.

While trying to catch my breath, I remembered some of the losers I'd put up with over the past few months and gave myself a mental slap for not telling Pam about my dreams and how I'd begun to feel about her. If my admission hadn't gone over well, I could have easily made a joke about it and laughed it off.

Now that it was my turn to do Pam, I knew just how to bring her off. With newfound confidence, I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her pussy down to my face. I began eating her out, sucking hard on her clit in between long licks. I kept at it until I felt her legs begin to shake. When she told me she was about to come, I stuck three fingers deep inside her pussy and held them there while I sucked on her clit. It definitely helped that Pam had told me exactly what sent her over the edge. She came so hard and so loud that I expected someone to bang on the door about the noise.

We stayed entwined in each other's arms for some time. When I opened my eyes and found Pam staring at me as she had before, somehow I knew what was next without either of us saying anything. As we maneuvered into a sixty-nine, I asked Pam how she knew I'd go along with this.

"Easy," she said. "Sometimes while you were in the middle of your sexed-up dreams, you called out my name!"—*K.L., Massachusetts*

IT FELT DECADENT HAVING TWO SETS OF SOFT HANDS WORKING ME OVER, AND THAT'S WHEN IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THIS WAS SOMETHING ONE WOMAN ALONE COULD NOT DO.

BLOW BY BLOW

Alana and I have been together for about five years and the sex is good—we just like a little variety now and then, so we frequent chat rooms to meet other swingers. That's how we met Jewel and Frank. After e-mailing one another back and forth for about a week, swapping photos, and talking it over with Alana, I invited Jewel and her boyfriend over to our house.

We ordered dinner and drank some wine, then took our party into the bedroom. We paired up, Alana with Frank and me with Jewel, while we watched a porno on our king-size bed. By the end of the film, Alana was

liberator.com
1.866.542.7283

blowing Frank and I was munching on Jewel's neatly trimmed muff. We spent a great night fucking, but when they were ready to leave, rather than make specific plans to get together again, we left things open by promising to contact one another soon. This way, Alana and I would have time to decide whether we wanted to have sex with them again.

A few days later, I received an IM from Jewel thanking us for dinner, wine, and great sex. I asked if she and Frank wanted to get together again.

Jewel32: When?

HardOn: Tonight's good.

Jewel32: Frank's under the weather, but you've got me.

I checked with Alana, and just like that, Jewel was coming over for an FMF romp—swinger shorthand for a girl-guy-girl threesome. Alana and I had only swapped mates with other couples; I'd never been with two women before. The logical part of my brain reasoned that I only had one dick, so someone was going to get shortchanged. And selfishly speaking, what could two pussies do for my dick that one pussy couldn't? But I wasn't so stupid that I'd turn down the opportunity if one presented itself. Alana was willing, and if nothing else, it might prove interesting.

ALANA WENT TO HER AND THEY STARTED KISSING AGAIN. I WAS CONTENT JUST TO WATCH AND SEE HOW FAR THEY'D GO UNTIL ALANA SAID, "I THINK JEWEL NEEDS YOU NOW."

When Jewel arrived, we went straight to the bedroom. Once we were all seated on the bed, it got quiet as we each waited for someone else to make the first move. After a few minutes of awkward silence, Jewel said, "Why don't you two get started and I'll join in?" That made me think she might be new at this, too.

Alana and I started to take off our clothes and Jewel followed suit. Alana pushed me back on the bed and began sucking my cock. I was just getting into it when another set of hands began massaging my feet and legs. It felt decadent having two sets of soft hands working me over, and that's when it occurred to me that this was something one woman alone could not do. I suddenly understood the advantages and the countless possibilities an FMF experience had to offer—and they were all good.

Jewel's hands began kneading their way up my thighs and Alana moved up to kiss me on the lips. Then Jewel began sucking my cock. They took turns blowing me, pausing to kiss each other and suck on each other's tits. I was in heaven. Alana had never been with another woman before, but from the way she responded when Jewel kissed her, she was obviously enjoying herself.

We kept at it until I called a time-out. I didn't want to come before getting inside at least one of them. Jewel said she wanted to check on Frank and left the room to use the phone. It's more likely she wanted to tell him how things were going.

"I love kissing her!" Alana said when we were alone. And I just loved hearing her say that—not to mention watching them.

"Are you guys talking about me?" Jewel asked when she came back in the room.

Alana and I laughed and told her we were just discussing what a good kisser she is. Jewel lay down with her head at the foot of the bed. Alana

CLIPS4SALE.com

THE #1 DOWNLOADABLE CLIP SITE ON THE NET!

Over 500,000 DOWNLOADABLE CLIPS

NO MEMBERSHIPS
NOTHING TO JOIN

FOOT WORSHIP |
HANDJOBS |
FOOTJOBS |
TICKLING |
FEM/DOM |
HOT AMATEURS |
UPSKIRTS |
GRAPPLING |
TRAMPLING |
and MANY MORE CATEGORIES!

WHY RENT!
WHEN YOU CAN OWN!

WEBMASTERS/PRODUCERS/AMATEURS

Setting up a new store is Easy, Fast and Free...
Setup time is less then 10 Minutes!
No Setup Fee!

START MAKING MONEY TODAY!
OPEN YOUR OWN CLIP, IMAGE and VIDEO STORE!

Call Toll Free 1-866-544-3338
Outside the U.S. call 1-727-804-3005
Email: info@clips4sale.com

WWW.CLIPS4SALE.COM

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

For information call 212-702-6106 or email joneill@pmgi.com

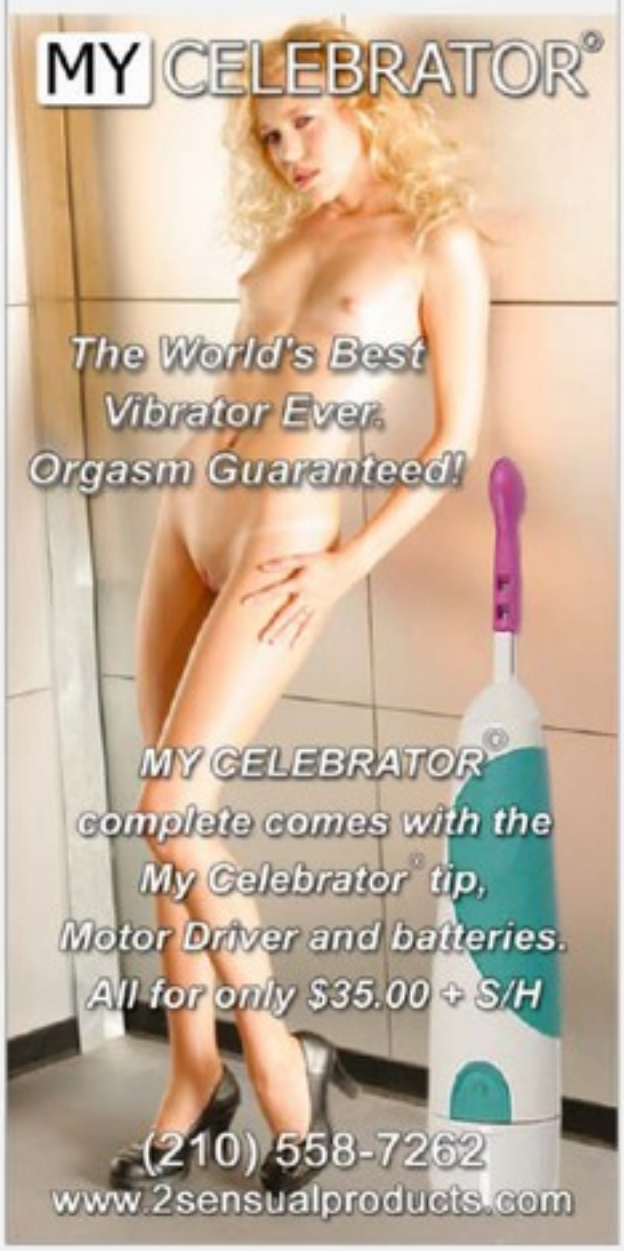
Height Increasing Shoes
CONSTEP™ height increasing shoes can make you 4.25" taller instantly. Hidden heel technology, just look like normal footwear. 100+ styles, from $59.99.

1-888-786-6472 www.CONSTEP.com

Dr. Joel Kaplan's Penis Enlargement
FDA Registered
• Medical Vacuum Pump
• Gain 1-3" Permanently
• Viagra-Testosterone-Cialis
FREE Information 619-294-7777
WWW.GETBIGGERTODAY.COM

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

To reserve your space, and for further information call Jack O'Neill at 212-702-6106 or email joneill@pmgi.com.



went to her and they started kissing again. I was content just to watch and see how far they'd go until Alana said, "I think Jewel needs you now."

I got between Jewel's legs and in a flash, I was balls deep in her pussy. Jewel began grinding her pelvis against mine while Alana alternated between kissing Jewel and sucking her tits. I concentrated on fucking her with long, steady strokes in an effort to prolong everyone's good time, but with Jewel on the receiving end of all the attention, it wasn't long before she went buck wild and came hard—harder than she did during our last get-together.

I moved easily between Alana's legs and drove myself into her welcoming snatch. I pounded her hard and fast, and before long I was coming. With Jewel kissing her deep, Alana exploded right with me.

I'm sure that after a rest period we could have gone another round, but since all of us had had at least one orgasm and the clock was ticking on a weeknight, Jewel left for home. That gave Alana and me time to plan our next FMF tryst!—*B.J., Texas*

CALL THE PETS!
If you want to get to know Pet of the Month **Justine Joli**—or any of our Pets—call the Pet Hotline at 800-946-PET1 (7381). Our vixens can't wait to tell you all about their lives and their fantasies. Callers must be 18 or older. Cost is $0.69/minute.

Penthouse.com has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: August 7, 2007

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. SEPTEMBER 2007 Volume 39, Number 1 Copyright © 2007 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of Penthouse Media Group Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$32 one year; Canada, $56 one year (includes GST); elsewhere—$56 one year. Single copies: $7.99 ($8.99 Sept., Dec., and Jan. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaría de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaría de educación pública. 1279882

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

Reach nearly 3.5 million readers through our exclusive special advertising page. For information call Jack O'Neill at **212-702-6106** or email **joneill@pmgi.com**

MEN WANTED!

HEY GUYS!
MAKE $$$ for
"SPECIAL SERVICES"
$750 per week
possible. We provide names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to ROYCE (Attn. Lori) 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-P5 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154
or the web www.royceorders.com

INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME
EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS

ROPEX®. The original Swedish "Ropes" formula. Developed in Sweden in the mid 50's, the all natural Ropex formula has been recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by **pornstars to increase ejaculate volume**, creating the "**ropes**" effect.

ROPEX®

Order at: www.RopexUSA.com
or call toll free (888) 799-6979 (24/7)
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and checks by mail accepted. Send to: New Generation Labs 12905 S.W. 132 Street, Suite 4 Miami, FL 33186

1 Ropex; $39.95+$4.95 shipping = $44.90
Special Offer: order 2 Ropex, receive **3 bottles!** $79.90+$5.95 shipping = $85.85

Statements herein have not been evaluated by the Food and drug Administration

GET INSIDE
PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

Check out the latest online at Inside Penthouse Magazine
Videos • Features • Special Offers
And, of course, our Penthouse Pets
Go to www.penthouse.com/inside

Voted #1 in Service and Price • Secure Ordering Process • Next Day Delivery

VIAGRA®
Cialis® LEVITRA®

also available
Propecia, Tamiflu, & more FDA approved medications

800.251.1743
order online at **www. viamedic.com**
serving customers since 1999

VIAMEDIC
SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

The Ultimate All Natural Male Enhancer For Men

Works Everytime, Long Lasting Results
Available now at 877–419–6757
or www.rize2.com
Only takes one pill . Stays in you system for up to 18 hours

By Glenn Kenny

Brigitte Bardot

Brigitte Bardot was not a girl and not yet a woman when she was brought to Cannes by her Svengali/husband Roger Vadim in the spring of 1953. She was not yet a blonde either. Frolicking in the sand wearing a then-shocking bikini, delighting soon-to-be-costar Kirk Douglas with her cutesy poses, the 19-year-old had a gamine-like quality that would soon be history. Three years and a bunch of indifferent movie roles later, she was reborn, fully blonde and fully voluptuous, in Vadim's ... *And God Created Woman,* playing an indolent Saint-Tropez sex kitten who drives all the men, boys, and matrons of the town to distraction. Instantaneously, a new gold standard of bombshell was set.

SHE WAS REBORN FULLY BLONDE AND FULLY VOLUPTUOUS IN ... *AND GOD CREATED WOMAN.* A NEW GOLD STANDARD OF BOMBSHELL WAS SET.

Even scruffy Greenwich Village–based folksingers of the day, whom one might imagine had weightier issues on their minds, took notice. "I Shall Be Free," a 1963 ditty by Bob Dylan, features Dylan receiving a phone call from President Kennedy. "He said, 'My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?' / I said, 'My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot.'" Indeed.

The late fifties and much of the sixties were awash in Bardot vehicles, few of which ring a bell today. In fact, her recordings and early music videos with Serge Gainsbourg—"Ford Mustang," "Bonnie and Clyde," and so on—are bigger cult objects now than most of her films from the same period. She reached a cinematic apotheosis of sorts in Jean-Luc Godard's 1963 *Contempt,* playing the wife of a screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) who is offered big money to abandon whatever principles he's got. Bardot's titular contempt, fearsome to behold, blossoms into full flower not because Piccoli's a sellout, but because he's so spineless that he all but asks her permission to be a sellout. Deprived of a particular type of innocence that's required of the sexpot she had come to define, Bardot the actress found herself in a peculiar cul de sac.

She did not retire from filmmaking for seven years after that, but she was only 39 when she did, a young age even by today's MILF standard. As if to underscore her indifference to, if not contempt for, the scores of men who still adore her, the only public life in which the reclusive Bardot partakes today is tied to her passionate commitment to animal rights.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REX USA

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.

theeroticreview.com

RELIVE THE LEGEND.

RACE ACROSS THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.
RETRACE THE STEPS OF A LEGENDARY PRINCE.
DISCOVER THE DRAMBUIE® PURSUIT,
A COMPETITION OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.

Visit www.penthouse.com/drambuiepursuit for details.

DRAMBUIE® & SODA

DRAMBUIE PURSUIT

THE SPIRIT LIVES ON

ENJOY OUR GOOD TASTE WITH YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT.®
www.pursuitof1745.com
©2007 DRAMBUIE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR COMPANY LIMITED, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
IMPORTED BY DRAMBUIE IMPORT COMPANY, MIAMI, FL. LIQUEUR - 40% ALC. BY VOL.